# THE LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| I. | Referendum or Republic. *By Pierse Loftus.* | BRITISH REVIEW | 771 |
| II. | Realistic Drama. III. *By W. L. Courtney.* | FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW | 775 |
| III. | The Strength of the Hills. Chapter III. The Choice. *By Halliwell Sutcliffe.* (To be continued.) | TIMES | 786 |
| IV. | The Irish Farmer. *By George A. Birmingham.* | OUTLOOK | 793 |
| V. | The Faith of Dostoevsky. | TIMES | 797 |
| VI. | John Cope's Year at Oxford. (Concluded.) | BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE | 801 |
| VII. | The New Journalism. | ECONOMIST | 813 |
| VIII. | A Local Boss. | SATURDAY REVIEW | 816 |
| IX. | A Debt of Honor. | PUNCH | 819 |
| X. | The Mexican Crisis. | OUTLOOK | 821 |

### A PAGE OF VERSE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| XI. | The Emigrant. *By John Masefield.* | | 770 |
| XII. | The Wind-Bell. *By E. Hamilton Moore.* | OUTLOOK | 770 |
| XIII. | The Whistler. *By E. M. Cook.* | BOOKMAN | 770 |
| XIV. | Youth and Age. *By Edward Storer.* | | 770 |
| | BOOKS AND AUTHORS. | | 823 |


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### THE EMIGRANT.

Going by Daly's shanty I heard the boys within
Dancing the Spanish hornpipe to Driscoll's violin,
I heard the sea-boots shaking the rough planks of the floor,
But I was going westward, I hadn't heart for more.

All down the windy village the noise rang in my ears,
Old sea boots stamping, shuffling, it brought the bitter tears,
The old tune piped and quavered, the lilts came clear and strong,
But I was going westward, I couldn't join the song.

There were the grey stone houses, the night wind blowing keen,
The hillsides pale with moonlight, the young corn springing green,
The hearth nooks lit and kindly, with dear friends good to see,
But I was going westward, and the ship waited me.

*John Masefield.*

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### THE WIND-BELL.

A wind-bell, that a Japanee
Made in a town beyond the sea,
Hangs on my balcony, to sway
To every wind that blows its way.
And, as it sways, it doth repeat
Its tintinnabulation sweet
As call to fairy revelry:
My wind-bell, made across the sea.

Some yellow-fingered craftsman wrought
In painted glass his lyric thought,
To glad me with its jocund din
From morning till the stars begin.
Methinks a red-capped muleteer
And all his chiming train I hear
Climb the long Pass, where, wild and free,
Adventure calls across the sea.

With iris and chrysanthemum
'Tis gaily dight, and never dumb.
And when the heavy air's aswoon,
Still, through the breathless afternoon,
It whispers like a hidden rill,
That tinkles down a ferny hill,
Haunt of the honey-loving bee,
Beside a sunlit, summer sea.

And when the twilight falls, I think
Of inland lakes, with lilied brink,
Where lateen sails go skimming by,
Silent as wide-winged butterfly.
And silver sweet the music swells
Of red and gold Pagoda bells:
'Tis but a toy a Japanee
Made in a town beyond the sea.

*E. Hamilton Moore.*

The Outlook.

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### THE WHISTLER.

Beside the doorway of a country inn
One stood and whistled right melodiously:
He whistled as the birds, scarce dreaming why,
Save that with all fair things his heart was kin.
And as he stood a-whistling, from within
The hostel, oft broke in upon the song
The uncouth voices of a rustic throng
Who marked the tale a wanton churl did spin,
The discord hushed, the melody would merge.
Triumphant, clearer—sweeter than before,
Until a very rapture smote the ear
Of one who trod the long lane's dust-strewn verge:
So Love stands, making music at the door.
One lists perchance—the rest nor heed nor hear.

*E. M. Cook.*

The Bookman.

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### YOUTH AND AGE.

Youth asks itself, "How can I ever die?
Only the old into the grave must fall,"
While age is wondering with a gentle sigh
If all its wasted breath was life at all.

*Edward Storer.*

## REFERENDUM OR REPUBLIC.

Probably the most important fact in present-day politics, not only in this country, but throughout Europe and America, is the growing disillusionment of the people with Representative Government. When we look back to the fervor of 1848—the year of the barricades—we can measure the distance we have travelled, the full extent of popular disappointment. Then it appeared that the one necessary object for all European peoples was the attainment of representative Parliamentary Government. In the eyes of the eager fanatics of all nations, death on the barricades was a small price to pay for that inestimable boon for their people. Government by a Parliament elected on a wide suffrage was regarded as the sure and immediate precursor of the millennium. For this great ideal they gladly suffered exile, imprisonment and death, with an absolute and burning faith in the efficacy of their ideal which seems infinitely pathetic to the present generation, disillusioned with the reality. Their tremendous sacrifices were not in vain, because in all European countries widely elected Parliaments have come into existence, and in most they have absorbed all sovereign powers. The golden age of Democracy, as imagined by the martyrs of '48, has come to pass, yet popular contempt and distrust and dislike of the governing powers is great and increasing.

Few can deny that in France Parliament and the members of Parliament are held in scant respect by the populace, and that this contempt of the Legislature has increased with alarming rapidity during the last ten or twenty years. Therefore, it is no surprise to find the nation at the present time demanding that the President should exercise his powers to the full. They ask that he shall have enough power to check and control the venal or futile politicians of Parliament. The people feel, subconsciously perhaps, that Parliament does not represent the people, that the caucus machine, not the people, controls and elects the Parliament; that members pay more regard to their own and their party's interests than to the interests of the Nation.

We find the same phenomenon in the United States, where, for two generations at least, the people have been forcing more and more power into the hands of the President. They feel that election to the House of Representatives or to the Senate is controlled by the party "Bosses," and that it is necessary to give one man, directly responsible to the people, power to control the "Bosses," and the nominees of the "Bosses," who form the vast majority of Representatives and Senators.

The examples of France and the United States are perhaps the most remarkable, but in almost every country we find the same strong tendency at work. Almost every nation which has possessed for a considerable period the blessings of Parliamentary Government is despairingly calling in some form of one-man power to check and curb the caucus politicians, the representatives who do not represent. Possibly there is sub-consciously present in the mind of the people the feeling that one man is more easily accountable for his actions than a vague body such as Parliament, that one tyrant will more readily bow to the popular will than several hundred.

But whatever the cause, whatever the sub-conscious feeling that animates public opinion, the fact remains that in all so-called democratic countries—in France and the United States, even in Greece—there is visible to all the

desire of the populace to increase the powers of the head of the State, to make him a check and control on the Parliament supposed to be elected by the people, actually controlled and selected by a plutocratic oligarchy.

Now this general tendency observable in all nations who have handed over their Government to the unchecked representative system is in strong evidence in England to-day. There is no doubt that Parliament does not hold to-day the high position it formerly possessed in popular esteem. Among all classes one hears constantly expressions of contempt for Parliament and politicians. The proceedings and debates no longer attract attention, and the much-advertised "scenes" excite no more notice than the "barracking" of a crowd at a cricket match. The people feel that politics to-day lack reality; that various plutocratic interests have obtained control of both Party machines; that it is all a rather sordid game divorced from reality, and out of touch with national feeling. That Parliament and politicians are not in touch with realities was conclusively proved in the strikes of 1911, which took even the Labor Party completely by surprise. Can the divorce between reality and politics go further than when we find a professed Labor party, supposed to "represent" Labor, so ignorant of its special electorate that it does not know that the majority are seething with discontent and preparing a series of almost revolutionary strikes; and while the attention of every politician is concentrated on the "great democratic measure" to curb the power of the Upper House, the great Democracy, with scornful contempt of the ideals and victories of the "Democratic Party" in the House of Commons, is silently preparing a "great Democratic measure" of an almost universal strike to curb the power of the Capitalists? Suddenly the succession of 1911 strikes breaks out; our newspapers no longer devote columns to the Lords' Veto and the Diehards, indeed this question, *the* question of the politicians, which according to our newspapers was agitating all England, this shrinks away to utter insignificance under the stern reality of the strikes.

It might perhaps be added that our great national statesmen, when face to face with the real crisis of the strikes, seem to shrivel into rather uncertain shifty politicians, making many wonder with misgiving how they would face the grave crisis of a European War.

And combined with this loss of respect in which Parliament and politicians are held is a feeling of bitter resentment among the masses against the worrying restrictive legislation passed by Parliament—such acts, for instance, as the Children's Charter. Such measures cause intense irritation, nor is the respect for the governing powers increased by revelations of Ministerial gambling on the Stock Exchange, especially as the working classes recognize that those Ministers who indulged in this pursuit would be the first to welcome and encourage restrictive legislation to put down gambling among the masses.

Of course, the South African War may be held to be the starting point of this loss of faith by the populace in our political machinery. That event had results which we shall not be able to estimate for many years, but undoubtedly one result was to reveal the incompetence of the Government of the country, and to make men question the whole system, especially the selection of programmes and candidates by a couple of Central Caucuses. After all, many Tories condemned the mismanagement of the war, yet they

could only give effect to their feelings by voting for a party they detested, and many Liberal Imperialists who approved the war had to vote for men who opposed the War. It was thus that the average man began to ask why he should vote for either of two obscure carpet-baggers sent down by the Caucus. What voice had he, a free and independent elector, in the selection of either Candidate or in the selection of either programme? Such questions are being asked with increasing frequency to-day, and though Mr. Lloyd George may represent himself and his party as valiant assailants of Capital and Capitalists, the people are just beginning to realize that Mr. George is supported, and his party financed, by a host of millionaire capitalists. When they realize this to the full—and day by day the knowledge is spreading—we shall be face to face with something like revolution.

But whatever the special causes in England, this distrust of the politicians is but an instance of a general phenomenon common to all those nations which have adopted full representative Government for a considerable period, including among the great powers France, England and the United States.

Now, if we accept this proposition, we can advance to another, namely: that among all those nations which have adopted full representative Government for a considerable period, there is a growing demand among the people that the head of the State should have more power, enough power to check and control the elected chambers.

Among the great nations this is evident in France and the United States. Among the smaller nations Greece may be taken as an example.

We must further note that Germany and Austria *acquiesce* in the maintenance of the power of the head of the State over the representative chambers.

Therefore, it is reasonable to conclude that in England we are bound to see the same political phenomenon, especially when the Upper Chamber is made elective, thereby coming under the complete control of the Caucus Politicians. When the whole machinery of government is thus controlled by the Caucus, we are bound to hear in England what is heard to-day in France and the United States, a demand for increased power for the head of the State. Already to-day we hear hints of a movement for reviving some of the unused prerogatives of the Crown. Yet such a movement must be fraught with immense danger to our monarchical system, as so much will depend on the personality of the Monarch. It is true that a very able and popular King might revive many unused prerogatives, but the continuance of their use would depend on the continued succession of exceptionally popular and extremely able Kings—a dangerous basis for our monarchical system. Otherwise, the interference of the King in politics would be bound to lead to an agitation against the Throne.

Yet it is evident that the demand for some check on the politicians, some increased power for the head of the State will arise in England, and if our monarchical system will not and cannot meet and satisfy this demand, it would seem certain that our people will turn in despair from the throne, and observing strong Presidents in France and America, curbing and controlling the often venal caucus politicians, they will likewise demand a President directly elected, and directly responsible to the people, as a necessary check on the power of the representative chambers.

Therefore, in the immediate future we may look for a revival of the Re-

publican sentiment in England, but it is important to notice the difference there will be between this movement and that of sixty or eighty years ago. Formerly, people wished for an elected President instead of an hereditary Monarch because they were so pleased with the idea of elected representative government that they wished to use this method for all branches of the executive. In the future they will demand a President, because they will be so displeased with the representative system—they will find a thousand elected tyrants less easy to control than one—and they will require one man elected by themselves, secure for a period of years from control by caucus or Cabinet, as a counterpoise and check to the thousand representatives, nominally elected, actually selected by two or more Caucuses. They will feel not only that one man is more easily accountable to the people than several hundred, but that he will be more human and personal than a Parliament, in the same way as an individual employer of labor is generally more human, more accessible, more in touch with his employees than the hundreds of shareholders of a limited liability company.

Such a prospect must fill with dismay those who (like the writer) value all tradition and believe in the system of an hereditary Monarchy; and it would be well to consider in ample time before the danger threatens what alternative remedy exists, whether some system is possible which will maintain the Throne above politics and yet check and control the representative chambers.

In considering this matter we must note that it is *only* in those countries where Democracy has entirely or almost entirely entrusted government to elected chambers that the demand for a powerful Head of the State has arisen. There exists one Democratic country in Europe where every symptom of such a demand is absent. That country is Switzerland, the oldest and most genuine democracy of Europe. In Switzerland representative chambers exist, but they are not given uncontrolled power, they are checked and curbed *directly* by the people by means of the Referendum, including both the Veto and the Initiative. There is no need for a powerful head of the State to control the elected representatives when the people themselves retain full powers of control; and because there is no need, there is no demand.

Therefore, our way is clear, and it behooves all who value tradition and hold the Monarchical system in esteem to work unceasingly for the establishment of the Referendum, of the Poll of the people, as an integral part of our system of politics, for it would appear that we can only retain the Monarchy by establishing the Referendum.

This much is certain—that there is a feeling among people of all classes of distrust of our caucus-made politicians, of disillusionment with representative government, and there exists to-day a demand which year by year will increase for some means of control, some check on the absolute supreme power of the elected chamber, and this feeling and demand will become intensified when the Upper Chamber is also an elected body.

We dare not call on the Throne to exercise this control and enter the sordid arena of Party politics. We can give the people the power to do so by means of a poll of the people, including not only power of veto, but ultimately power of initiative, and unless we give the people this power we shall be face to face with a formidable Republican movement in Great Britain.

Referendum or Republic—that will be the issue of the future.

*Pierse Loftus.*

# REALISTIC DRAMA.

III.

Why do we speak of a new school of dramatists? And in what sense do they exhibit novelty, as compared with their predecessors? Many of the conditions for the production of drama are, we know, fixed and constant—the conditions, for instance, which are involved in the presentation of a concentrated story or episode, carried out by living personages, moving and talking before us. The dramatist cannot *explain* to his audience, he can only *illustrate*: he reveals character not by description but by action and dialogue: he has only a short time to produce his effect, and therefore he must hit hard and hit early. All these things we know, for they constitute the difference between writing novels and writing plays. But there are other conditions—or perhaps we ought to call them traditions or prejudices—which are inessential, variable, dependent on mere custom and fashion. If a man ignores such as these, which his predecessor respected and of which very likely he made a fetish, then on this ground he might be called a "new" dramatist. There are, for instance, the prejudice for a happy ending, the use of soliloquies and asides, the necessity for "situations" at the end of each act, the idea that you must not introduce fresh personages in the last act, but gradually allow the course of your story to strip off the unessential characters and leave you towards the close with just the two or three vital characters who matter. These are all temporary and accidental fashions, so to speak, and a play is not necessarily better because it retains them, or worse because it chooses to ignore them. Even Scribe's sedulous care for a *pièce bien faite* has now become an outworn game—at all events, with some of the moderns. Dramatic construction, though still considered a counsel of perfection, is not recognized among our contemporaries as absolutely necessary to dramatic salvation.

But there are much more subtle differences than these between the newer and the older school. It is a question of temper, a question of manner, a question of preferred subjects. The attitude towards the world has changed, the attitude, in special, towards moral problems and social questions. Those doubters and agnostics who in the 'sixties and 'seventies were sealed of the tribe of Matthew Arnold and Arthur Clough were more than a little sad about their obstinate questionings. Their scepticism was not audacious: it was diffident, humble, melancholy. They were very sorry that they could not agree with the orthodox—it was their misfortune, not their fault. They ought to be condoled with, not reprobated. The more modern attitude is not so much daring as incurious. Why should we bluster and say with John Stuart Mill—"and if such a Being condemn me to Hell, to Hell I will go"? Really there is no reason for any fuss. All the fighting is over and done with. We need not brandish our sceptical steel in the face of opponents whose opportunities for offensive attack are so strictly limited. Therefore the new school neither strives nor cries because it is persuaded that belief or unbelief is mainly a matter of temperament or of ancestry, for which the individual cannot be held responsible. If he is born a religious mystic, he will write poetry like Miss Evelyn Underhill or Mr. Francis Thompson; and if his nature is to be an agnostic, he will

* The Living Age June 28 and August 2, 1913.

compose poems like Mr. Thomas Hardy. Things are what they are and they will be what they will be. Why should we allow ourselves to be disturbed?

One result of this temper or attitude is that all the ethical and social problems which our fathers fondly and foolishly thought to be solved are regarded by their sons as entirely open questions. There are no moral laws of the absolute character which Kant delineated: there are a set of conventions, some of them of considerable authority, but many of them merely transitory and more or less accidental, depending on time and place and associations. Did you think that it was wrong for a girl to run away from her home? On the contrary, it may be a sign of a fine independence, as in the case of Janet de Mullins in Mr. Hankin's play, *The Last of the De Mullins*. Did you suppose that when a prodigal returned to his home, he came back in a chastened and a repentant state of mind, having sown his tares and very grateful that there was a home to welcome him? Oh no! He comes—as in *The Return of the Prodigal*, also by Mr. Hankin—to make what terms he can with his outraged father and secure for himself a further period of indolent wastefulness at the paternal expense. Did you imagine that a woman naturally preferred wedlock to a looser bond of connection, in order, among other things, that her child should be legitimate? You are wrong. The man she chose for her lover might not suit her for a husband, as in the case of the heroines of *Hindle Wakes* and Mr. Galsworthy's *The Eldest Son*. Indeed, when the instinct for maternity is very strong, a woman will not care who may be the father of her child. Let him fulfil his temporary function, and she will fulfil her lasting one. On this point read again Janet's views in the very illustrative play already referred to, Mr. Hankin's *The Last of the De Mullins*. The classic instance is in Maxime Formont's novel *Le Semeur* (translated as *The Child of Chance*); but also some suggestion of the same spirit is found in Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman*. I am not concerned, of course, to pass any ethical criticism on these things; I merely note them as remarkable signs and evidences of a modern temper.

And this naturally leads me to consider the kind of subjects with which the new dramatist prefers to deal. The great phenomenon of our time is the Revolt of Woman, and it obviously affords a splendid opportunity for the dramatist. One of the most constant qualities in all dramatic work is the implied antithesis between the human being and some great force, or forces, with which he is in conflict. These forces may be envisaged either as a great impersonal fate or necessity; or as the heritage of a particular kind of character bequeathed from generation to generation; or, once more, as the great mass of social prejudice and convention, accumulated through many ages. The individual feels himself cribbed, cabined, and confined by these forces which seem to be outside himself—or, at all events, outside his own instinctive impulses—and the course of the struggle in which he engages to free himself from restraints and live his own life is of the essence of drama. Men have been all along more or less in revolt, and in the struggle have proved themselves either heroes or villains. But it is a more delicate and interesting thing when woman dons her armor and goes into opposition, because her revolt touches, in a very immediate fashion, sacred institutions like home and family. Ibsen was one of the earliest to understand the significance of this woman movement, and because he regarded woman as the born anarchist his

plays gave a powerful incentive to feminism and set the example for many dramatists. A characteristic example also is to be found in Sudermann's play *Heimat*, which we know as *Magda*. In this the heroine turns her back on her home, and seeks an independent career outside. On her return she has some very bitter things to say of the conditions which made her home life so intolerable to her, as —for that is the assumption—they would to any other girl of spirit. Within recent years we have seen, of course, several examples of plays based on this insurgence of womanhood, many of them written by female authors.

It would, in consequence, hardly be too much to say that the nineteenth-century frame of mind was built up on ideas with which the more modern mood is glaringly at variance. A woman's life, so the older notion ran, should be more or less a secluded life; her girlhood should be under the tutelage of her father and her mother; her marriage should not so much emancipate her as put her under another guardianship. Having accepted her husband, she was bound to make the best of him, whatever his mental or moral deficiencies. For marriage was an institution intended to protect the woman, and keep her in a safe position, free from the soul-harassing competition of ordinary commercial and professional life. One of the drawbacks of this theory was found to be the large predominance of women, and the consequent impossibility of their all finding a home. Hence, when the daughter began to revolt, she was able to plead in self-defence that, although she was apparently educated for matrimony, matrimony was not likely to come in her way. It was not mere wilfulness, therefore, but rather a duty that she should look out for herself and take her own chances in the rough and tumble of things. But when once a revolt begins you never know to what it may lead. As a matter of fact, the revolt of the daughter was mixed up with a much larger revolt of women as such, whether daughter, wife or mistress. What is the value of laws which enjoin domestic privacy on the female? Apparently they were made by man for his own convenience, and they have no other sanction except the tyrannical verdict of the male. Thus marriage is one of the institutions first assailed. Why should a wife go on living with a husband whom she despises? Why should marriage unions last through the whole life? Why should not the instinct of motherhood be treated quite separately from the usual environment of a legal husband and a recognized home? Remember that woman is the born anarchist, because in certain senses she is more of an independent individual than the average male. Men are more or less alike: women are often, perhaps always, diverse. And thus all so-called ethical laws, moral ordinances, social conventions, are put into the melting-pot and, as we have seen, women, as treated by the new dramatists, do many strange and unusual things in the pursuit of their ideal freedom. Ibsen, perhaps, started the business; Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. St. John Hankin, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Miss Netta Syrett, and many others, joined in the cry. The worst of it is that sometimes in their hot-headed enthusiasm the apostles of freedom get on the wrong scent.

Probably many of us have read recently Miss Elizabeth Robins' so-called novel, to which she gives as a title *Where Are You Going To?* The point of the tract, for it is more of a tract than a story, was to support the agitation against the White Slave traffic,

and a lurid tale was told of how two innocent girls living in the country were trapped on their arrival in town and taken to a house of ill-fame. But the story, as one read it, struck one not only as paradoxical, but also as a revival of a somewhat ancient legend. The average observer of life wondered whether such things could be. And now I observe, from an article in *The English Review*, that so impartial and unprejudiced a writer as Mrs. Billington-Greig has set herself to investigate the available facts. The result of her exhaustive inquiry is that there is not, and apparently has not been in recent years, a single well-tested case in which a girl has been trapped into the White Slave traffic in this country against her will. Obviously, there are, of course, cases of seduction, and insidious advertisements are sometimes published enticing girls abroad; but the lurid accounts of compulsory detention and outrage appear to be entirely baseless. So, at least, Mrs. Billington-Greig thinks, and to a large extent proves, in her extremely careful study of the whole question. The true reformer must not be in such a violent hurry, or he may do damage to his own cause. *Qui va piano, va sano.*

Personally, I hardly realized how great was the change that had come over, not only the topics with which the modern dramatist chooses to deal, but also the temper in which he approaches them, until I saw one of the performances of the Stage Society in November, 1907. It was a performance of Mr. Granville Barker's play, *Waste*. It is true that it was a "prohibited" piece, but sometimes one can understand these matters better when one looks at extreme cases. Here, at all events, was a fine and serious piece of work, full of drama, keenly interested in psychological analysis, with the issues of the story carried out in a most unflinching and remorseless fashion. The very title gave one an indication of the plot. In a modern world there is a great deal of wastefulness. Women are sacrificed, children are sacrificed, above all, men of light and leading are sacrificed. The hero is a politician of something more than mere cleverness, for Henry Trebell is a man who has become a considerable personage in the politics of his time, a statesman whom everybody imagines as a possible member of the ministry of all the talents. Suppose that such a man in a moment of madness, in a moment which he describes as a "drunken fit," compromises a married woman with fatal effects. Is the whole of his political career to be blasted, not only to his own damage but his country's? That is one of the most serious and also the most obvious of the problems which Mr. Granville Barker put before us in *Waste*. Henry Trebell's special line of work is education, education such as every citizen ought to be able to command for himself and his children, education, not so much secular—with all the damaging associations of that term—as national, and neither religious nor irreligious. This is the sphere in which Mr. Trebell excels. He has the art of conciliating the High Church party; he has won over Lord Charles Cantelupe, who represents the ecclesiastical interest; he is equally happy it appears in his management of the Nonconformists and Dissenters, and he has his own scheme for dealing with ecclesiastical funds. Such a man is a valuable acquisition for any administration in our modern England, and when, after some dallying with the Liberal camp, he transfers his services to the Conservative ranks, the Earl of Horsham, the Tory Prime Minister, determines on the bold stroke of including him in his Cabinet.

And now we come to more delicate problems, concerned with the relations

between the sexes and the intricacies of a certain kind of masculine character. Henry Trebell is a man who, as his sister (a character, by the way, admirably played by Miss Henrietta Watson) describes him, has a certain scorn both of men and of women. It is a dangerous thing to look upon human beings of either sex from a standpoint of contempt. The man who does so is only too apt to regard his fellow creatures as puppets, to be used as his fancy dictates. Certainly Henry Trebell treated politicians with an easy negligence, and if he had confined himself to this ingenious and also reprehensible *rôle*, he might still have been hailed as the saviour of society. But he was not content with this. He must needs treat women as playthings also, as some bachelors have a temptation to do. And it is just here that the shadow of Nemesis is waiting for him. Mrs. O'Connell is a slight, inconsiderable, vivacious, empty-headed, attractive woman, with no settled principles, idle, vacuous, easily swayed by any masterful spirit whom she encounters. Trebell, who thinks no more about her than he does about others of her sex, engages lightly and thoughtlessly in an intrigue. That is in July; and in the second act, which takes place in October, we find him confronted with the consequences. Truly the results are dreadful enough, for Mrs. O'Connell has been childless hitherto, much to the sorrow of her husband, and she will not face the prospect of the appalling scandal that is hanging over her. In the third act we find that she is already dead, dead under such suspicious circumstances that an inquest is to be held, although we of the audience know well enough that she had put herself into the hands of a worthless doctor, and that Trebell is technically guiltless of her death. But the issue is not only fatal to Mrs. O'Connell, but to the man with whom she had so heedlessly associated herself. In the first place, what is Lord Horsham to do? He is forming his Cabinet, and his intention was to include Trebell in its ranks. If such a scandal gets known, can his administration survive? In an extremely clever conference at Lord Horsham's House, we find the Prime Minister himself, surrounded by Lord Charles Cantelupe, Mr. Russell Blackborough, George Farrant, and others, debating the matter backwards and forwards. Justin O'Connell, the husband, decides —for reasons of his own—to hold his tongue. But there are many other considerations involved, and the final decision arrived at by Lord Horsham is to write a letter to Trebell and tell him that in the circumstances his services will be dispensed with. Political failure is thus the first of Trebell's punishments. It is not the only one. By a strange reaction from his former position of cynicism, he suddenly discovers within himself an immense contempt for the woman who could destroy his child, an immense desire to "express himself" (the phrase is not mine, but is put into the mouth of one of the characters) in the offspring which should inherit his genius and his aspirations. This is the most terrible penalty of all, and it is the direct consequence of, or reaction from, his own sceptical scorn of the customary motives which weigh with men, the usual passions which control their hearts. And so in an impressive last act we have the suicide of the hero, the final culmination of a great life greatly thrown away. His country is deprived of all the useful services that he might have rendered. That is one form of waste. And to this we have to add the destruction of human life —three lives, man, woman, and child —because of a deliberate violation of human and ethical laws.

It is unnecessary to pass any comment on a play of this kind, except so far as it indicates and illustrates certain well-defined modern tendencies. The main point to observe is the underlying assumption,—that there is no sphere of human action, no kind of subject with which art cannot claim to deal. It is rather a large assumption because art is not necessarily nature, and least of all is it a mere copy of nature. The business of the artist is to select, whether in painting or writing or fashioning figures out of marble. In each case he enjoys the free exercise of his creative powers, which include discrimination and therefore also rejection. In his play of *Waste* Mr. Granville Barker interprets this theory in his own fashion. Art may deal with any thing it chooses —even abortion. Dramatic art may take up any subject, even the most repellant one, so far as it can be shown to concern the interests of humanity. Even if we granted the assumption, which, of course, some people are not prepared to do, we should have to consider a necessary corollary. The artist is to be allowed the privilege of treating any subject he chooses on one very serious condition, namely, that he can lift up his subject into the sphere of art, or, in other words, that his treatment of his subject should be in the best sense of the word artistic. If art claims every province of human life as its own, it must justify this claim by the manner in which it deals with its theme. The case stands here just as it does with plagiarism—a man is permitted to borrow from preceding writers if he can justify his theft, as, for instance, Shakespeare could, by the use to which he puts it. But does Mr. Granville Barker justify his choice of subject by his treatment? Certainly there can be no more important problem than the extent to which a man of public importance is to be condoned, or condemned, on the score of his private immorality. But Mr. Barker chooses so to paint his hero as to make him unsympathetic—in fact, a very exceptional type of man, with a distinct vein of brutality. Most men who have made fools of themselves with women are still endowed with sufficient chivalry of nature to be sorry for the woman, to have some pity and tenderness towards her, however light and frivolous she may be. Henry Trebell has no such feelings towards Mrs. O'Connell. His scene with her in the second act is absolutely appalling in its coarse brutality, a horrid episode of something which, to the woman, at all events, must appear as the extreme of masculine callousness. One could imagine even a theme like this illustrated in far different fashion, and, possibly, made more powerful because the man was a better specimen of his sex and the woman a more intelligent one of hers. But in this matter Mr. Barker is only too docile a pupil of his master, Mr. Bernard Shaw. There must be no romance in the relations between the sexes, no sentimentalism, no generous emotion. Perhaps this was the more accentuated in the actual production of *Waste* because Mr. Barker himself played the part of the hero, which was originally designed for Mr. Norman McKinnell. In Mr. McKinnell we should have had the brutality of a really strong man. In Mr. Barker's case we had the callousness of a man to whom it never seemed natural to be either brutal or coarse. Mrs. O'Connell was very cleverly played by Miss Aimée de Burgh, but the more truly feminine she was, the greater grew our indignation at the treatment to which Mrs. O'Connell was exposed by Henry Trebell.

It is strange how the casting of a play can affect its æsthetic values and

the balance of its characters. An apt illustration is afforded in the case of Mr. Galsworthy's *The Eldest Son*. The scene is laid in a country house presided over by a sporting squire of the old school, who possesses a large family of sons and daughters and an admirably devoted wife. Unfortunately, the eldest son enters upon an intrigue with a lady's maid, who is the daughter of the gamekeeper. The usual result follows. The girl has to reveal to the young man that she is expecting to be a mother, and the whole *esclandre* comes out. What is to be done? The squire, who is bent on forcing a young under-keeper to make reparation to a village girl whom he has wronged, shrinks from the same problem when it is presented in the form of his heir and his wife's lady's maid. Happily for all concerned, the gamekeeper, who has some family pride, refuses to let his daughter marry her lover on the very proper ground that the match would be unsuitable, and by no means likely to lead to happiness. The whole point of the play clearly is that in the case of obvious *mésalliances* there is no real "honor" involved in the performance of a contract which is not to the advantage of either party. You cannot compensate a girl's loss of virtue by offering her a marriage more ruinous than the original bad act. Therefore the head-keeper is quite justified in refusing to see that two wrongs make a right. But somehow in the play itself this estimable moral came out very strangely and paradoxically. What we saw before our eyes was a very pretty and charming girl (the part of the lady's maid was played by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt), who was much too good for her young man, and seemed much more distinguished than all the gentlefolks put together. The eldest son would indeed have been a lucky fellow to get so nice a wife, even if they had both of them to go to Canada; while by the side of this brilliant young heroine the squire's wife, sons, and daughter unmistakably paled their ineffectual fires! The ladies ought, one may suppose, to have exhibited their superior social station, if the dramatist's story was to come out right, whereas it was the servant who won hands down. That is the worst of having a sympathetic part played by a clever actress—unless, indeed, one may suspect Mr. Galsworthy of the cynical suggestion that in matters of "honor" and so forth, the so-called upper classes are inferior to their gamekeepers and lady's maids. *The Eldest Son*, however, is not so good a play as *Hindle Wakes*, with which in a certain fashion it can be compared. For in *Hindle Wakes* our sympathies are intended to be wholly enlisted on the side of the spirited girl, the mill-hand. Having enjoyed her week-end "lark," she sees clearly enough that marriage is a very different affair from an episodical amour—amongst other reasons because, as one of the characters remarks in one of Mr. Hankin's pieces, "it lasts so long." She therefore does not have to depend on her father to make up her mind for her. She refuses point-blank to have anything further to do with the son of her employer. And seeing the young man and the sort of home-life which he enjoys, we honor her for her decision. *Hindle Wakes*, moreover, was admirably cast. It was enacted by men and women who knew the kind of life they were depicting, and were therefore able to convey a real thrill of actual vitality to the audience. And Miss Edyth Goodall's performance as the heroine was a very fine one.

No one, however, would select *The Eldest Son* as a typical play of Mr. Galsworthy. I imagine that most people who desire to get a true appreciation of the dramatist's position in the

modern world would turn rather to pieces like *Strife* and *Justice*. Here emerges one of the chief characteristics of Mr. Galsworthy, so far as I am able to observe, a tendency which can only be described as pessimistic. Life does not appear to him to be a pleasant affair, though that very largely may be due to the arrangements we make for living it. Modern society is hampered by several outworn conventions, legal enactments, and perhaps also creeds, and the point which strikes the dramatist is the exceeding hardship which is often involved for the individual. Or again. We find ourselves in a critical time with the two forces of capitalism and labor ranged against one another in continuous and deadly combat. Sometimes the victory sways in one direction, sometimes in another. But here again, just because the forces are evenly balanced, it is the individual who suffers—most of all perhaps in his domestic relations. And what are we to say of the outcome of the struggle when it remains so uncertain, when the tragedy of conflicting aims and purposes ends, from the point of view of the social observer, as a farce of wasted efforts, of hopeless endeavor, of absolute sterility? That, I take it, is the lesson (the word may be pardoned) of the play called *Strife*, which closes with a touch of real cynicism, which may be detected in *The Silver Box*, but which comes out very strongly in the later play. The Secretary of the Employers turning, just before the final curtain, to a Trades Union official, says in an excited tone, "Do you know, sir, these terms (of compromise) are the very same we drew up together, you and I, and put to both sides before the fight began? All this—all this—and—and what for?" Harness, the Trades Union official, replies in a slow, grim voice, "There's where the fun comes in!" I can hardly imagine any remark more flippantly cynical, expressive as it is of the whole dreary inutility and hopelessness of a conflict which at the close leaves the two contending parties as they were before the fight began. That is, of course, the peculiarity of a play conceived in the modern fashion, as ending in an *impasse* or a note of interrogation. But it also explains why such a drama can never be popular in the best sense of the term, and must belong to the intellectual drama of a clique rather than to the nation at large.

It is worth while to enlarge on this point. *Strife* is undoubtedly a very fine play, admirably acted by such artists as Mr. Norman McKinnel and Mr. J. Fisher White, and entirely worthy of the reproduction which it has recently enjoyed at the Comedy Theatre. Nevertheless, the attitude of most people who have seen the piece is distinctly cold and negative. They are glad they have seen it once, they have found a real interest in the story, but they rarely want to see it again. It would seem that *Strife* does not belong to that category of work which enlists on its side all sorts and conditions of men. What is the story? Briefly, it is a long combat between John Anthony, Chairman of the Trenartha Tin Plate Works, and David Roberts, a representative of the workmen. Each side is presented with absolute neutrality and fairness. John Anthony is a hard, dour capitalist who has built up his industry with infinite pains. He has come to his own conclusions as to the conditions under which it can be run successfully. No more concessions must be made to the workmen; the more they get, the more they will desire. A stand must be made some time if the capitalist class is to be preserved; otherwise the proletariat will ride rough-shod over individual property.

On the other hand, David Roberts, equally clear-sighted, discovers that the present conditions do not admit of a proper living wage for the laborer. He, too, asseverates that a stand must be made once for all, and he encourages the other members of the workmen's Committee to prolong the strike, even though they see their own kith and kin starving around them. In his own case he has to go through the unutterable anguish of seeing his wife die—die of starvation caused by his obstinacy or his firmness, whatever point of view you adopt. But the struggle has other issues besides the death of a woman. Gradually the moderate men on both sides are led to the conclusion—a conclusion dear to all Englishmen—that there must be a compromise. Some of his friends desert John Anthony; a good many of his fellow workmen desert David Roberts. And so we arrive at the final scene in which the Chairman of the Tin Plate Works is upset by his own Committee, and the chief spokesman of the employés is betrayed by his friends. It is a fine scene, for the two principal antagonists have a sincere respect for one another. "So they have done us both down, Mr. Anthony?" says Roberts; and Anthony replies, "Both broken men, my friend Roberts." The extreme partisans being thus got rid of, the compromise is carried through, and the Secretary discovers, as we have seen, that the actual terms of the cessation of war are identical with those suggested many weeks previously, "A woman dead; and the two best men broken!" such is the general summary as enunciated by Harness.

Now if we want to see why such a play cannot unreservedly appeal to an audience, I am afraid the answer must be that it holds the balance too evenly. The people who throng a theatre have certain peculiarities of their own, amongst which is to be found the idea that they must not be confused as to the side on which their interest and sympathy is to be bestowed. In general terms we express the principle as a dislike of being hoodwinked, an eager wish to "know all about it," a ready determination to take sides if only the spectators are shown which side they ought to take. Of course, this is not a very estimable characteristic of an audience. Doubtless the intellectual thing is to study very carefully what is to be said on both sides. It is not only in the theatre, however, that the democracy shows these qualities or feelings. Is a philosophic statesman ever popular? Is it a good characteristic in a leader of a party that he is able so thoroughly to understand the opposite faction as to give their standpoint as clearly as his own? The career of Mr. Balfour, as compared with that of Mr. Gladstone, is sufficient to prove how important it is for a party leader to ignore all that can be said for his opponents and to advance his own cause with ruthless pertinacity. Much the same thing happens in a theatre. You take, for instance, a play like that of Robert Browning on Strafford. Pym and Strafford are left at the close confronting each other, and each has a very good account to give of himself and of his own aims. It is six to one and half-a-dozen to the other. A thoroughly careful and intellectual balance is preserved. *Strafford* was not a successful play, and perhaps one of the chief reasons was the very fact of this intellectual equipoise. A far inferior craftsman, Mr. Wills, writing a play on Charles I., and having at his finger-tips the theatrical *flair*, did not hesitate to blacken the character of Cromwell just in the same proportion as he exalted the character of the Stuart monarch. When Shakespeare

had to deal with the struggle between Richard III. and Henry Tudor, he did not leave us in any doubt as to the proper direction of our sympathies. The result may have been, probably was, exceedingly unfair to Richard Crookback, whom many subsequent historians have tried to whitewash and with no little success. But Shakespeare had the instinct of the theatre and he knew that it would be ruinous for his play if he allowed his audience to wonder which was the hero and which was the villain. It is no good protesting that this is a popular infirmity which ought to be sternly resisted and corrected. It belongs to the whole attitude of the populace towards politics, religion, and life. You must not keep your audience in the dark as to some necessary fact in the intrigue which is being dissected before their very eyes. Nor yet must you allow your audience to vacillate in its interests and sympathies. There can be no question, if we look back over its past history, that drama is the most democratic of the arts, and that when it was at its best, during the Elizabethan period, it involved an appeal to every class and section of the community. Purely intellectual drama, written for superior persons, may have every merit, but sometimes it perilously resembles the so-called literary play, not meant for popular production but only designed for perusal in an armchair. What could have happened to an Elizabethan audience if they had come out of their wooden theatre wondering which of the two, Edmund or Edgar, was right in *King Lear*, or whether there was not a good deal to be said on behalf of Iago in his duel with Othello? A psychological analysis which proves that there is no such thing as heroes and villains, that we are all more or less alike, that we have no right to judge, may be both philosophic and true. But it does not help the theatre as such, nor yet in the larger sense of the word does it help theatrical art, because an artist must select, and, by the mere fact of selecting, becomes a partisan.

We touch a deeper note in Mr. Galsworthy's *Justice*, or rather we are involved in utter and blank despair. Never was so cruel a play written. Hardly any piece that I am aware of is so drenched in an atmosphere of inspissated gloom. The author, of course, is anxious to show us what a ghastly thing solitary confinement in prison is, how ruinous it is to the individual, how hopelessly unjust and unfair. He would hardly affirm that it is so in all cases, and therefore we have to understand that it is in his special case—the case of a sensitive, highly-strung junior clerk in a solicitor's office. Naturally, therefore, the dramatist is forced to cog his dice because he has taken an exceptional case and has to treat it exceptionally. Not for one moment does Mr. Galsworthy relent in his treatment of the story. Falder, who forges a check for a woman's sake, is doomed from the moment of his sin to remorseless punishment. I still remember with a shudder, when the play was performed at the Duke of York's Theatre, the horrible picture of Mr. Dennis Eadie as Falder, pacing backwards and forwards in his cell like a hunted animal, and finally being driven to bang at his door in hopeless impotence. Even when he is at last released, and it looks for a moment as if there might be some chance for him, fate dogs his footsteps and he throws himself down the stone stairs in a vain effort to escape the tyranny of "Justice." One wonders whether such things are going on all round one, and winces at the bare possibility. There is only one figure in the appalling drama which one remembers with a faint sense of gratitude. It is the senior clerk, Coke-

son, a simple, kindly, religious man, with a touch of Dickens characterization about him, who serves to redeem our hopes in humanity. When Zola's *L'Assommoir* was turned into didactic melodrama and produced in English form under the title of *Drink*, we thought it a horrible piece, made if anything more horrible by the admirable acting of Mr. Charles Warner as Coupeau. But *Justice* is far sterner stuff, cruel, relentless, soul-shaking. Such themes should be treated in a pamphlet, unless we are all to become sterile and ineffective pessimists, through sheer despair of our fellow-creatures.

Cynicism and pessimism—these are the "notes" which are never far away from modern realistic drama. If we look at the dramatic works of Mr. St. John Hankin, which in themselves require and deserve a careful study, we shall observe that the development of the story is nearly always conceived in a vein of cynicism. Mr. Hankin has many dramatic qualities. He has an admirable sense, for instance, of appropriate dialogue, almost as good as that which Ibsen possesses in some of his most characteristic pieces. The scenes between the elder and younger brother in *The Return of the Prodigal* are excellently written, with no superfluous, terse, brilliant, and to the point. Nevertheless, it is in the vein of cynicism that Mr. Hankin pursues his dramatic themes, and when all is said and done, cynicism is the fume of petty hearts. Take the play to which allusion has just been made, *The Return of the Prodigal*. What is its main point? It shows us the wastrel, Eustace Jackson, returning to his father's home by means of a conscious artifice in order to provoke sympathy, getting the best of everything by means of the persistent obstinacy of thoroughgoing idleness, and finally obtaining from his father a pension of £250 a year as one of the conditions of leaving him alone. Listen to these sentences:—

Mr. Jackson (grumbling): "What I can't see is why I should allow you this money. Here's Henry, who's perfectly satisfactory, and has never caused me a moment's anxiety. I don't give him money. Whereas you, who have never caused me anything else, expect me to keep you for the remainder of your life."

Such is the father's perfectly reasonable attitude, but the elder son unexpectedly sides with Eustace.

"Father, I think you had better do as he says. If you gave him a thousand pounds he'd only lose it. Better make him an allowance. Then you can always stop it if he does not behave himself. It is a shameless proposal, as you say, but it's practical."

So it is on this promise of £250 a year that the bargain is settled which keeps Eustace from want and enables him to continue his career of inefficient passivity. If that is not a cynical *dénouement*, it is difficult to say what is. But there is much the same cynicism in *The Charity that began at Home*, in *The Cassilis Engagement* and in *The Last of the De Mullins*. Fortunately, there is a good deal besides which we can heartily commend, for in the last-mentioned play Janet de Mullins is really a fine character, though we could have wished that she had not been quite so defiantly impertinent and so cocksure of herself.

*The Silver Box*, the earliest of Mr. Galsworthy's plays, is in certain respects comparable with Mr. Hankin's *The Return of the Prodigal*. The particular prodigal in Mr. Galsworthy's play is a young Jack Barthwick, who stumbles into his father's house late at night with a bag and purse which do not belong to him, but are the property of some light-o'-love whom he has picked up in the streets. A ne'er-do-

well called Jones comes in with him, and when the young man falls to sleep on the sofa, decamps, not only with the purse, but with a silver box conveniently found at his elbow. Jones is the husband of Mrs. Jones, who is charwoman in the Barthwicks' house. Now, without any doubt, the original culprit is young Jack Barthwick, but it is the Jones, husband and wife, who have to stand the racket and bear all the blame. Mrs. Jones loses her job, although, poor woman, she had nothing to do with the whole affair, and Jones gets one month with hard labor. Once more, notice carefully the conclusion. This is Jones's comment: "Call this justice? What about 'im? 'E got drunk, 'E took the purse, but it's his money got him off"—which, parenthetically, is quite true. While Mrs. Jones turns to Barthwick with a humble gesture and with the appealing words, "Oh, Sir!" the magistrate closes the affair: "We will now adjourn for lunch." This is the kind of cynicism which, clearly, appeals to Mr. Galsworthy, for in the more intense and vivid form it is to be found both in *Strife* and in *Justice*.

In Mr. Galsworthy's case also, as well as in Mr. Hankin, there are other and sounder elements. Let me not forget that Mr. Galsworthy wrote *The Little Dream* and *The Pigeon*. He calls the latter piece a fantasy. It is the most delightful of his plays to read. If it did not come out quite so well on the stage—at all events it had but little success when produced at the Royalty Theatre—the cause probably lay in the casting of some of the characters, especially, perhaps, the eccentric Frenchman, Ferrand. But it is a charming piece of work just because it is touched with a tender idealism of simple emotions. And perhaps it is not altogether an inept commentary on the modern realistic drama that the most successful plays running at the present moment in the Metropolis should be Mr. Arnold Bennett's *The Great Adventure* and *Milestones*, which, though they may have the realistic manner, no one would call realistic dramas.

*W. L. Courtney.*

The Fortnightly Review.

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## THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

### CHAPTER III.

*The Choice.*

They went home to the straggling house in the hollow that held so many memories for them both. There were lights showing from many windows, and from the dining-room on the right a pleasant fire-glow played about the panes.

"Just loyalty," said the Squire, as they went indoors. "It sums up all the decencies of life. Don't part with a good friend, Roger."

Jabe o' the Barns was proving his gospel true to-night. He had stood, after Cicely and Roger left him, watching them go down the track; he told himself that they were "a bonnie couple, like, sure to be wedded one day"; and then he turned to seek a resting-place for the night. Later in the year he would be true to his by-name by lying in one or other of the barns that studded the lower pastures; but as yet the nights were warm enough, and smell of the heather was sweeter to his nostrils than the scent of hay.

The gentlefolk had chosen to go down the slope, to the lands where the sun rose later and set an hour before its time, because the hills were steep

on every side. Jabe o' the Barns went up the moor instead, nearer to the last gloaming lights and nearer to the morrow's dawn when its slant rays came to rouse him out of sleep. He was alone again with his rheumatism, with a hunger only half-satisfied; but he was also in the wide-rolling country where, for such as he, God had built many churches. He knew no loneliness. Far as his keen old eyes could see, there was the breadth and peace of a big-hearted moorland, settling down to sleep under a sky of tenderest blue and crimson. The wrinkled hollows, tired after the day's heat—the ruddy sweep of bracken that could not rest as yet because it caught a lingering touch of fire and must make the most of it—the heron that came winging heavily overhead, after supping too well on trout in the lower lands—all were part and parcel of Jabe's homestead. He had not built houses, or rented them; he had no pride of place among his neighbors; but, here in the heather, he was the cheerful master of his destiny, and he had no complaints.

Far below he could see the hollows, grey and misty, where the mills stood, climbing ever a little nearer to the beautiful, quiet wilderness above. He knew that one day they would climb over the heather that was to be his bed to-night; for Jabe was no fool, and saw the things he hated, and the things he loved, with the same clear, unhurried vision. They would come, with their foul-corroding breath. The wind that blew about him now, fragrant with the moor's simplicity, would be stifled by the reek of engines. The grouse and snipe and peewits would flee as from the plague. But it would not go on forever.

Of necessity Jabe was a philosopher, because he lived in close contact with the verities that are from the beginning and abide. He had watched lands, intaken from the heather, wait their time until man grew slack in the farming—had seen the ling come back, little by little, stealing a bit of the enemy's country here, a corner there, until it captured its kingdom once again. The mills were fussy and alert; but Jabe knew that, in the long run, it is the strength and patience of the moors that must prevail. There would be no miracle about it, as the world counts miracles. The mills might thrive for a century after he was dead and buried; but there would come a time when the falsity of the new life would prove its own undoing. God lets men wander far in their absurdities, but checks them always when their pride of wealth grows insolent.

Jabe o' the Barns did not put the matter into words. He had no need of speech, because knowledge was an instinct to him by this time, needing no interpreter. And, when he was tired of looking down the moor with the vision of another world, he just turned in the bracken—three times, as a dog does, remembering prairie lore—and went to sleep.

"I'll be dead afore th' mills get up hereabout," he muttered, by the way of even-song—"and I'm bonnie thankful for the same. But the heather will come back, certain sure, give it long enough."

Roger did not sleep as well as Jabe o' the Barns. At four of the morning he woke, and turned from side to side, impatient to be off in dreams again of grouse flying sharp out of gunshot reach, of hares lopping with deceptive gait to tempt a man to shoot behind them, of Cicely walking by his side through the russet-red of fallen beech-leaves. Impatience only cleared his eyes of sleep a little more, and at last he got up. The hills were calling him; and no piper, born of woman and trained to music, ever learned to play

as the wind does, with the big moor for fiddle and the heather-stems for strings.

Roger got up at last, went to the kennels and unchained his favorite dog. He did not know, nor care, which way he took, so long as it led him uphill instead of down. He needed to be nearer to the sky.

Dawn was near, and the wonder of the new day crept like a miracle, fresh from God's hand, over the frosty pastures. Man, with his ugliness and love of money, would be astir below in an hour or two; the mills would vomit smoke, and thin trails of it, if the wind happened to lie that way, would drift across the heather. For the present, there was the wind's sweetness and the lone note of the curlew sounding out across the wilderness.

Suddenly, over the crest of the heather, the sun sent out messengers of fire to herald his good coming. Full daylight has no beauty—of red, and gold, and purple—such as dawn has when it spreads a carpet for the feet of the coming day. And at that hour there are queer scents abroad; and live things rustle through the heather; and the hill-world stretches itself, just as a hale man does at waking, glad of the stress ahead.

Roger stood knee-deep in the bracken, looking out at the wonder of it all. And then he yawned, because the body of him was hungry and needed sleep; and he asked himself, in the old lazy way, what had brought him out on this fool's errand. Presently a little wind got up, stirring the bracken-stems; he followed the track of it, for lack of better occupation, and found himself by and by in the flat hollow known as Eller Beck Mead. No compulsion had been used to bring him here; it seemed that a child's hand had guided him—the hand of a child who knew his indolent good-nature and asked him to come out and play.

He yawned again, wished that he carried some sort of breakfast in his pocket, and remembered that Phineas Oldroyd had been anxious yesterday to buy this plot of ground. It was a fine site for a mill undoubtedly; lying flat between high ground, with a noisy stream running through it, it offered a fortune to any man who cared for money-making.

Roger did not yawn now, and he forgot his healthy appetite, sharpened by the keen air. His fighting instinct was stirred. He recalled Phineas Oldroyd's offer for this bit of land. If they accepted, the Squire and he, they could save many farms that were dear to them—pastures and meadows that were bone of their bone by this time—could keep tenants who paid their rents to a house they loved instead of to an alien landlord who had no wit to distinguish between good seasons and bad. The temptation to sell was obvious and immediate. Roger felt the keenest edge of it, when he thought of the tenants who would suffer if Oldroyd's offer were declined. Two of them had been on their farms for seven generations, and partings of that sort go hard when a landlord is compelled to sell the roof that covers many bygone charities, forbearances, and quarrels, resulting at the end of all in quiet good comradeship. He cared for these farmers, with a caring taught him by long intimacies; and it seemed that he was selling them, for the sake of obstinacy and sentiment, if he refused Oldroyd's offer. Let Oldroyd build his mill here. It was better to yield to the on-coming power of steam than to sell good farms and let old friends go under the harrow of landlords new to the way of the country heart. Undoubtedly he must persuade the Squire to accept Oldroyd's offer. Good feeling and good common-sense alike made it the one obvious way.

Temptation plied him hard, as the

way of the beguiler is; but, stronger than temptation, and clean as the centuries behind his race, a strong voice sounded in his ear. This bit of land was a battle-ground. He knew it, as a man knows the gun at his shoulder or the good horse under his knees. Let farms come, or farms go, he would keep Eller Beck Mead against such adversaries as Oldroyd, who broke children on the wheel of trade. He would not sell it for money earned so foully.

"No," he said, with an oath that was pagan and unheeding, "we'll not surrender. We'll pay as much as we can, and go on owing the rest—but the Mead will see no mill in my time, unless I build one there myself."

He had chosen his battle-ground, and would stick to it; but, as he left the hollow and took a short cut home toward the breakfast that he needed, dark thoughts came up across the freshness of the dawn, and a touch of fear chilled his courage. It is not good for healthy men, with healthy appetites, to take up a challenge until their bodies are decently well-fed. Even the mills, with never a soul to trouble them, need stoking before their looms go humming usefully; and men, carrying the burden of their flesh, are wise to humor it before encountering hazards of the soul.

The moor was as ripe with bracken-gold and smell of the clean uplands as before. The sun lay red and joyous in the sky. But, as he followed the sheep-track leading to the lower pastures, Roger saw no beauty in the day. Even his jest about building a mill himself in Eller Beck Mead, wild as it was, brought no smile to his face. He was thinking of the tenants, holding three good farms, who would pay for this resolve of his. It seemed so unpractical, so like tilting at a wind-mill, to refuse Phineas Oldroyd's offer, when he could save three men he liked by accepting it. He had the gift—happy in the long run—of setting his neighbor's welfare in the forefront of his mind.

The sky was very dark about him, because indecision was foreign to his straight-riding habits. He had chosen his road, he thought; but, do as he would, he thought himself a fool to decline Oldroyd's offer. The devil takes his toll that way, with glum persistency; it is for a man to choose whether he declines or accepts the hazard.

Past Barguest Stone, where the ghostly dog still lurked o' nights in spite of mills and common sense—past the ruined tower at the fall of the pastures where men had watched once for the coming of the Scots—Roger took his temptation and his misery. The decision rested with him. He knew that, once his mind was made up, either way, the old Squire's judgment would march with his. And there were those three farmers, who were glad to welcome him along the roads or in their homes. He had broken bread with them, knew their wives and children and half their family troubles. He proposed to turn them out of doors—they were too old in loyalty to stay on under a new landlord—because he would not let Oldroyd buy one bit of land at a price that would save their farmsteads for them.

There was his father, too, grown old before his time, harrassed by debts on one hand, and, on the other, the need to keep up some show of ancient hospitality and open-handedness. For his sake only it was prudent and foreseeing to stave off further selling of good farms. Undoubtedly Oldroyd's money was needed; and it was ready to be picked up to-day—to-morrow—whenever he chose to reach out a hand for it. The man wanted Eller Beck Mead, and would give any price in reason for it.

Roger was young to the trust that

his father had confided to him yesterday. All his instincts were for breezy, happy-go-lucky acceptance of each day's chances, without thought of yesterday or to-morrow. He was young, too, to temptations of the devil, which are as real, and just as frequent, as the stones that lie along bridle-tracks to hinder unwary hoofs. Every call of prudence was on the side of selling the Mead; even the father who had trained his prejudices against the mills seemed to call to him now, asking a little ease for the years that were left him.

Time after time, as he went down the pastures, he came near to accepting Oldroyd's offer; but something always checked him. He did not put it into words—action came more easily to him than conscious thought—but he knew that, once he yielded to the tempter, he would no longer be a gentleman, clean of his hands and free to move among his people as of old. There would be a difference and a shame; and, if he held his head high, asking greeting and giving it royally, the honest folk he met would know that he was play-acting.

Not Eller Beck Mead only, but the whole way home, was a battleground. He had learned to ride and shoot and bear pain of body with a laugh; but a big issue of the soul had met him by the way, and he was bewildered. Against him was the everyday need of money, his father's growing infirmities, his own selfish need to go on hunting, and keeping open house, and what not, in face of debts. It seemed so easy to take toll of the mill-owners who were ruining the country peace, to purchase from the enemy a little interval in which there was no more need to sell farms.

The one hard thing about the bargain was the fact that, view it as he would, Roger disliked it. Deep below surface-prudence and the kickshaws of this world, he knew that he, and the Squire with him, would be selling their honor if they sold to Oldroyd. Time after time, as he fought for the decision that once had been firm and ready, he found himself thinking of the men who would suffer if he chose the plain road ahead. That, too, was a beguilement of the devil; for strong men, seeing their goal, are fools to turn aside for sentiment. Whether poverty assails them, or the song of women when they like a man, or any casual folly by the way, the workers of this world go forward always, disdaining hazards and despising ease.

Roger was in the thick of trouble. All his easy life was against him. The new days were against him, belching smoke into the clean face of the sky, and pretending that the dirt of it was progress. He stood too close to the new times—too close to the orderly, quiet past that had been before the stream learned its power—to find sure ground as yet. For the present, he had Oldroyd's offer to consider; and he knew that, in refusing it, he would think himself a fool.

He passed the little strip of intake, known as Dolly Pasture, where the late owner had killed himself by sheer zeal for rescuing acres from the heather; and he halted there, stirred by some message that dead men leave about the place where they have worked with a single heart. He took a new grip of purpose. There was only one good thing in life, it seemed—to win ease along the road of hardship, not to buy it ready-made, like the ill-fitting clothes sold by the tailor down in Marshcotes yonder.

Roger was vaguely conscious of it all—the change that was working in him, the trust that was being given into his hands. He was leaning over the ricketty three-barred gate that guarded Dolly Pasture from the moor, and had approached the field so quietly that the

wild life gathered there glanced up, took the measure of him, and did not regard him as an alien to be feared. A flock of peewits was feeding on the far side of the intake. Starlings were fussy and alert, the gold sun shining on their rainbow feathers. In front of a burrow not thirty yards away, three rabbits were sitting, their heads together, grave and sleepy, as if fate had shaped them to be parish councillors, arranging laws and levying rates for the township of the burrows.

Roger laughed unguardedly. The peewits took fright and went wailing over the wall-top. The starlings fluttered a little way across the field, with a timidity that was half pretence, then went on feeding with their unalterable eagerness to seize the present chance of gain at any hazard. The rabbits bolted, head over heels, into their burrow.

A daft thought had come into Roger's mind. If Phineas Oldroyd had chanced to be here, with a gun in his hand, he would have made a hasty calculation of the market price of rabbits, would have taken a sitting shot at the trio, and afterwards, as he picked up the spoil, would have deducted mentally the price of the powder and shot expended before balancing the morning's gain and loss. The thought was foolish enough, and the laughter boyish; but, underneath them was a constant harking back to the trouble that had brought him out to Eller Beck Mead this morning. It was to be a fight to the finish between Oldroyd and himself, on that watered plot of ground. In the bones of him he knew it, knew, too, that step by step along the coming days he would be fighting the forlorn hope. Oldroyd had the money, the blunt, forward-driving faith that prosperity in this world is the one test of a man. On his side he had debts, the knowledge that his father was ageing fast, the coming need to sell farms over the heads of likeable, good tenants. Below him, in the valley that was asleep as yet, the mills were climbing up and up, sure of conquering the ground on which he stood.

The odds were all against him, and without knowing it he stood a little straighter. He had always cared more for winter and keen winds than for summer's idleness. Hazard, and stiff hills to climb, had been his intimates. He was prepared to take up Oldroyd's challenge.

Yet not quite prepared. As he went down the pastures, doubt ran beside him, a comrade he could not shake off. He was mad to decline Oldroyd's offer. He must move with the new times, accept clean money or dirty, so long as it helped his father to a little quiet in his old age, so long as it kept the remnants of their pride secure. He was hesitating still between two courses; and no man's foothold is easy when he has a boot in each of two opposing camps.

The dawn-wind came down to him as he took his troubles with him over the pastures. There was scent o' the bracken in it, and the tang of peat, and many happy odors that brought past days to mind; and yet it did not hearten him. He recalled the look on Oldroyd's face as he met him in the lane last night, the curious aggressiveness and insolence of the man as he blocked the road and sneered openly at the Holts' poverty. The meeting had shaken him rudely out of the old life, with its devil-may-care belief that the old order, because it was clean and near to the open sky, must needs continue in spite of debts. He understood that soon the last of the country squires must go, trodden underfoot by the prosaic feet of men like Oldroyd. He would have minded less if the enemy had come in human shape—armed and over-numbering—but human, with

bodies to give blows and take them. Instead, the adversary showed no fight at all, along the usual, healthy ways. His name was not Oldroyd, or that of any other millowner who served him; he was called steam, and he hummed and chattered in the factories down yonder, and tied men's freedom to the looms, and pretended, with a smug air of benevolence, that he was making the price of clothing cheaper for poor folk. So he was; but his victims never guessed that the wearing-gear turned out by machinery lasted a year or less, while their fathers' suits of homespun had served them half a lifetime.

Something had happened to Roger, undoubtedly. The day he had spent with Cicely up the moors, the nearness of his separation from the child who had ranged the hills with him, plucky and a sportsman always; the meeting with his father afterwards, the half-confession of some guilt that the son declined stanchly to believe in; the stolid, square-built figure of Oldroyd, preaching the money-creed in Barguest Lane; all had worked together to bring him to this mood of clear insight. The change seemed sudden; but no change in this life is abrupt; it is simply that, when a man has been thinking in the dark too long, his thoughts force out their way at last into the sunlight.

His brief glimpse of coming days dismayed him. There was so much to face. He did not guess as yet that strong errands are entrusted to strong men, and that between the beginning and the ending of such ventures there is, of necessity, great sickness of the heart. If he stood firm about this plot of land, he was letting money slip by him without reaching out a hand to grasp it; and God knew the Holts needed money nowadays. Every argument against refusal of the bargain returned with added cogency, as if a lawyer, knowing he had a bad case to defend, were using every subtlety, every appeal to casual sentiment, that long training to the law had taught him.

Roger stood bewildered for awhile. He was so easy-going—again his father's gibe returned—so unused to playing a game of cards with men like Phineas Oldroyd. He could shoot straight and ride straight, and meet his neighbors with an openness that did not fear their scrutiny; but against him was the pitiless throb of steam—steam, that asked only to go forward and make money, at any cost of lives and souls—steam, that every year bred men a little and a little lower than the angels, a little nearer to the barren creed that life holds nothing but thankless toil and money to bring home at the week-end to wives who need it.

He saw no chance of winning this odd game. He came to it hampered by rules—of courtesy and honest dealing—at which Phineas Oldroyd laughed. His feeling about Eller Beck Mead was in itself unpractical. There was precedent, after all, in favor of spoiling the Philistine and driving a hard bargain. He must persuade his father to sell that little plot; it would save many acres, and bring peace for a year or two to folk he cared for.

Yet all the while he knew he could not do it. Training, family pride, a code of honor that was rooted in his fibres—things not understood by Oldroyd—mustered like strong friends about him. And at last he knew that, come what might, he had chosen his own road ahead. Though all their horses went, and his guns lay idle on the rack, he would keep that hollow coveted by Oldroyd.

So much for trouble faced beforehand, and the chivalrous resolve. The result of it, as he went down the pastures, left Roger chilly and dismayed. All his breezy common sense returned.

Once again he had yielded to punctilio, forgetting that he lived in hurried, grasping days. He and his—their land-love, and the keeping open house, and the pleasant give and take between neighbors meeting neighbors—seemed utterly remote and lonely, measured by the mills, the sprawling cottages down yonder. Briefly, as he saw himself just now, he was a simpleton, preferring to lose ease and money at the bidding of the same old insistent loyalty. There were so few on his side of the battle, so many preaching openly the creed that a man was measured by his money.

It had been a game of Roger's, when he sat in front of a log fire after the day's hunting, to reckon up the men of the parish he could count on, if he asked them, without warning and with no time for persuasion, to ride with him on the forlorn hope. Forlorn hopes, of many kinds, had been the Holts' business in life for generations. Far back they had been conspicuous in moorland feuds. They had rallied their neighbors to meet the Borderers when they came over from the Annan country to raid Marshcotes Moor; and, later, they had fought—his father's stooping shoulders and tired face were the standard of that battle—for the country outlook when the mills came up to raid the moorland peace. Their neighbors said of them that they had a genius for lost causes.

The games played in times of peace are apt to be echoes of the sterner conflicts waged by the forefathers; and Roger, though he laughed at himself when he fell to playing this child's make-believe of picturing an assault against odds, of choosing the few who would take their place beside him, was simply listening to the wisdom of many generations of his race, dead and buried long since so far as the bodies of them went.

And, somehow, though the dawn-wind was keen and he had not breakfasted, he went slowly down the pastures, his mind fixed on the old, idle game. He had chosen his road, and instinct cried out for a man-friend or two whom he could trust. There was no picturesque fighting awaiting him—men falling in the last ditch they were holding against odds, as of old, and the gleam of pike and sword, and faces red with the battle lust opposing him. There was instead the stealthy up-coming of the mills, the tyranny of greed that had neither heart nor strength for bodily combat, the appalling grime and meanness of the new order that was conquering the fine, free-handed carelessness of yesterday.

Roger had no gift of words. He did not think the matter out; but at heart he knew that, in refusing Oldroyd's offer, he had set foot on a hard and bitter road—an uphill road, with only God's sky across the moor-top to cheer him on to the climb ahead. And sometimes God's sky is too spacious and remote for present needs, and a man needs a friend, built of the same human clay, to tell him he is stronger than he thinks himself.

The Times. *(To be continued.)*

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## THE IRISH FARMER.

James Blake lay dying. His wife, her hands folded in her lap, sat watching him. There was little that she could do for him. Death had been sure since the young mare flung him over her head as he rode into market. Mrs.

Blake wasted no time or strength in vain lamentation.

"It's the will of God," she said to the neighbors who carried him home, "and what is to be will be surely."

After that she sat silently, ministering to him when he regained consciousness, watching him when he lay, for hours at a time, breathing heavily.

James Blake stirred uneasily in the bed. His eyes wandered hither and thither until they met hers. For a long time he gazed at her and a look of peace came over his face.

"Do you mind the first of that stock we had?" he said. "I bought her—a long-tailed filly—from Johnny Casey, and I broke her to the plough myself."

His mind is not on the young mare, standing in the stable with broken knees; but has gone back many, many years to the first mare he ever owned —the great-great-grandmother of the one that threw him. Mrs. Blake nodded. She has not forgotten that mare. She stood, a comely young woman then, with the first of her babies in her arms, while her husband led the filly past her, ran with the halter in his hand across the field and back again, and stood beside her with the sweat shining on his face. It had been a great day. With pride she fetched from the hiding-place eleven pounds, and Johnny Casey had given him back five shillings for a luck-penny. Johnny Casey was dead, long, long ago. The mare was dead, and her descendant had thrown James Blake.

Mrs. Blake rose and crossed the room slowly to the table under the window. She took a cup of milk and put it to her husband's lips. He tasted it and then lay back again. His eyes closed.

After a while he opened them again. They fixed themselves this time, not on his wife's face, but on the little window. It was not possible to see anything out of the window. It was small, high on the wall, and divided into four tiny squares, filled with thick greenish glass. But James had no need of the vision of his eyes. The scene outside was vivid in his memory. There was the yard paved with cobble-stones. Beyond was the garden with the young apple-trees in it. Beyond that again the ground rose sharply and a steep hill faced the house. It was of it that James Blake was thinking.

"The boys will be in the hill field," he said.

"They're cutting the hay," said Mrs. Blake, "and it's a grand crop, thanks be to God."

The minds of husband and wife, working together in a curiously perfect sympathy, went back to the time when the hill was waste land, strewn thickly with great grey stones, among which the whins grew. In spring, in those old days, the hill was a blaze of golden blossom. In the autumn James burnt the whins. All through the winter the charred roots and unconsumed thick branches of the whins lay black on the hills. In early spring the sheep and lambs picked tender grass among the stones. Then the whins reasserted themselves, and the place was gold again. It was six years after his marriage that the great thought of clearing the land came to James. He set at his task alone, for none of the boys was big enough then to help him. It took him seven years to do the work, and before he finished the eldest boy was carrying light burdens for him. In summer he could do nothing on the hill. The long days were filled and over-filled with other tasks. But in the winter James went forth, day after day, with pickaxe, crowbar, and spade. He toiled through rain and storm. When the

drifting mists hid even the cottage from him he toiled on, then absolutely alone with the grey stones and the obstinate roots of the whins. Often a whole day's work gained no more than a single yard of the hillside; but the yard was won absolutely. It was his. James was a strong man in those days, but he came back to his wife in the evenings utterly tired. It took him seven years to clear the hill. Now his sons, grown men, though he called them boys, were mowing a crop of hay on it.

"John will have the place," said James.

His wife nodded. John was the eldest son. He would behave as his father had before him—would plough, reap, sell. It was well that he should have the place.

An hour later the boys returned from the hill field, and John, stepping softly, came into the room where his father lay.

"How's the work?" said James.

"There's upward of three ton in it," said John, "and we'll get it saved dry if the weather holds. You'll be pleased, so you will, when you see it."

"I'll not see it," said James.

"Don't be talking that way," said John; "sure you'll be out looking at us by the time we have it in the tramp cocks. What's to hinder you?"

"I'll not see it," said James. "But what does it matter if I don't, so long as it's a good crop and well saved?"

"Go on now to your tea, John," said Mrs. Blake, "and don't be bothering your father. If it's the will of God for him to see the hay he'll see it."

But James Blake was right. He saw little more on earth. For a while after John left he lay looking at his wife. Gradually the expression passed out of his eyes, and though they were still fixed on her she could not tell whether they saw her or not.

Once more, and only once, he spoke to her. It was at early dawn. A bird broke into sudden shrill song among the bushes behind the house. A cock crowed gallantly. There came a thrill of re-awakening life among the birds and beasts. James opened his eyes again and fixed them for the last time upon his wife's face.

"Let not John," he said, "be meddling with any of their League work, either good or bad."

That had been his own rule all through life. Good as well as bad came of "League work." He knew that, but it was always for him "*their* League work." He stood detached.

There had been times—James remembered them—when the reward of all his toil in the reclaiming of the furzy hill would have been an increase in his rent—when the labor would have been his, the fruit of it another's. Once—and the memory of this remained with curiously little bitterness—he and three neighbors had asked their landlord to make a lane from the high road to their land. They wanted to be able to use carts to carry their hay to market. The landlord gave them ten pounds and they made the lane, paving it roughly with broken stones, fencing it from the fields it passed through with loose stone walls on either side. Afterwards ten pounds a year was added to the rent that they paid. Their land was worth so much more because of the existence of the lane. It was League work which had made such things impossible, and James knew it. Nevertheless he had not meddled with League work, and it was his wish that John should not meddle with it either.

There was a night—a still frosty night—near about Christmas-time which Mrs. Blake remembered very well. She thought of it when her husband spoke of League work, and no doubt some dim memory of it was in

his mind too. It was while James was working on the hill. He sat, as usual, nodding sleepily by the fire. A child fretful with teething was in her arms. For all her rocking and low crooning songs, she could not still it into sleep. Suddenly, startlingly clear through the quiet air, came the sound of a shot and immediately afterwards a loud cry of agony. She shook James into consciousness, and together they heard a second shot. No cry followed it. She hugged the baby tightly to her breast while she and her husband stared at each other with horror in their eyes.

"Some of their League work," he whispered.

She laid the baby in the cradle and took James by the hand. She said no word to him nor he to her, but the same desperate terror was in their hearts. In those days it was not well to interfere with the revenge, the wild justice, or mad hate of the fierce men who held the countryside in awe. There were stories afloat of visits made to lonely cottages at night, of men—and women too—dragged from their beds and made to pay a fearful price for help given to the League's enemies. James Blake hung back, though he knew that a man lay near his door, perhaps wounded and in sore need of help. His wife trembled more than he did, but it was she who drew the bolt of the door and went out first. James followed her. Together they stumbled across the yard and along the rough lane. New-formed ice in the cart-ruts crackled under their feet as they walked, and at every sound they started and paused, panting. There was little light from the stars and no moon had risen. They groped their way to the high road, crept fearfully along it, and in the end found the thing they sought. The man was dead. Of that there was no question, for one side of his head was blown away with a charge of shot fired at very close quarters. Nothing could be done for him. Hand in hand James Blake and his wife fled back to their house, stumbling, tripping, falling twice, but driven swiftly by blind terror.

Next day James went back to his work on the hill. A dull awe rested over the neighborhood. The police came and kept futile guard over the spot where the man had died. Keen-faced stern men went to and fro among the people asking questions. James spoke no word of what he and his wife had seen. To this day even his sons have never heard the story. But the night remains an ineffaceable memory. It was better for John, in the time to come, not to "meddle with their League work, either good or bad."

Yet, except that one word of warning about his son, James Blake made no sign of thinking at all about the revolution which had taken place in his lifetime. An old strong feudalism had been broken. Power had been wrenched from hands which held it with a firm grip. The doctrine of the rights of property, deemed the unassailable foundation of civilized society, had been proved a foolish imagination. Men, on one side and the other, had died in scores—on the roadside by lawless force, on the scaffold with the sanction of the law. Economists and historians hereafter will mark those turbulent years as a great turning-point in Irish history. James Blake lived through them, and his experience left on him no more than a dubious distrust for the wisdom of "League work." For him there had always been something more important than the speeches of the orators or the oaths of conspirators or the stern strength of men who stood for law. The coming of the springtime with its promise of new life, the ex-

uberant fertility of grass and corn, of sheep and oxen, were of more moment to him than the blazing of passion's orifiammes or the wild strikings of desperate men against their wrongs. There is a passage in Zola's *Débâcle* which tells how a ploughman drove his white horse across and across a hillside near Sedan, while the French guns thundered against the swiftly closing circle of German steel. He ploughed, and those who survived the charging and the cannonade had afterwards bread to eat. The glory and the shame both passed. The crop upon the broken land ripened. James Blake, hacking whin-roots on his hill, was like that ploughman. Men, in those days of revolution, struggled as desperately in Ireland as on any battlefield. Good and evil have followed, mingled inextricably. But James Blake's boys are reaping a heavy crop on the hill field. That at least is good.

*George A. Birmingham.*

The Outlook.

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## THE FAITH OF DOSTOEVSKY.

The novels of Dostoevsky may seem to discover a very strange world to us, in which people talk and act like no one that we have ever met. Yet we do not read them because we want to hear about these strange Russian people, so unlike ourselves. Rather we read them because they remind us of what we had forgotten about ourselves, as a scent may suddenly remind us of some place or scene not remembered since childhood. And as we have no doubt about the truth of the memories recalled by a scent, so we have none about Dostoevsky's truth. It is strange like those memories of childhood, but only because it has been so long sleeping in our minds. He has no need to prove it, and he never tries to do so; he only presents it for our recognition; and we recognize it at once, however contrary it may be to all that we are accustomed to believe about ourselves.

The strangeness of Dostoevsky's novels lies in his method, which is unlike that of other novelists because his interest is different from theirs. The novel of pure plot is all concerned with success or failure. The hero has some definite task to perform, and we read to discover whether he succeeds in performing it. But even in novels where character is more considered it is still the interest of failure and success which usually makes the plot. The hero, for instance, falls in love, and the plot forms round this love interest; or he is married, and there is a suspense about his happiness or unhappiness. But in the greatest of Dostoevsky's books, such as "The Brothers Karamazov" or "The Idiot" (both of which are now accessible in Constance Garnett's translation), the interest is not even in the happiness or unhappiness of the hero; for to Dostoevsky happiness and unhappiness seem to be external things, and he is not concerned even with this kind of failure or success. He has such a firm belief in the existence of the soul, and with it a faith so strong in the order of the universe, that he applies no final tests whatever to his life. Plot with most novelists is an effort to make life seem more conclusive than it really is; and that is one of the reasons why we like a firm plot in a novel. With its tests and judgments and results it produces an illusion of certainty agreeable to our weakness of faith. But Dostoevsky needs no illusion of certainty, and gives none.

He had a faith independent of happiness and even of the state of his own soul. Life indeed had poured unhappiness upon him, so that he knew the worst of it from his own experience; yet we can tell from his books that he knew also a peace of thought compared with which all his own miseries were unreal to him. In that he differs from Tolstoy, who saw this peace of thought in the distance and could not reach it. Tolstoy therefore conceived of life as an inevitable discord between will and conviction, and tried to impose the impossible on mankind as he tried to impose it upon himself, judging them with the severity of his self-judgments. His books are full of his own pursuit of certainty and his own half-failure and half-success. He still makes happiness the test, even though he feels that the noblest of men cannot attain to it; for his own unhappiness was caused by the conflict in his mind between will and conviction. But in Dostoevsky this conflict had ceased. He was not happy, but he was not torn by the desire for happiness; nor did he test his own soul or the souls of others by their happiness or unhappiness. His faith in the soul was so great that he saw it independent of circumstance, and almost independent of its own manifestation in action. For in these manifestations there is always the alloy of circumstance, or the passions of the flesh, or of good or evil fortune; and he tried to see the soul free of this. He did not judge men by their diversities which outward things seem to impose on them. For him the soul itself was more real than all these diversities, and they only interested him for their power of revealing or obscuring it. Therefore his object in his novels is to reveal the soul, not to pass any judgments upon men, nor to tell us how they fare in this world; and this object makes his peculiar method. He does not try to show us souls free from their bodies or free from circumstance, for to do that would be contrary to his own experience and his own faith. Rather he shows them tormented and mistranslated, even to themselves, but in such a way that we see the reality beyond the torments and the mistranslations. His characters drift together and fall into long wayward conversations that have nothing to do with any events in the book. They quarrel about nothing; they have no sense of shame; they behave intolerably, so that we know that we should hate them in real life. But, as we read, we do not hate them, for we recognize ourselves —not indeed in their words and behavior, but in what they reveal through them. They have an extraordinary frankness which may be in the Russian character but which is also part of Dostoevsky's method, for the characters of other Russian novelists are not so frank as his. He makes them talk and act so as to reveal themselves, and for no other purpose whatever. And yet they always reveal themselves unconsciously, and their frankness, though surprising, is not incredible.

But we, accustomed to novels concerned with failure and success, with plots formed upon that concern, are bewildered by Dostoevsky's method; and even he is a little bewildered by it. He never quite learned how to tell his own kind of story, a story in which all outward events are subordinate to the changes and manifestations of the soul. Even in "The Brothers Karamazov" there is a plot, made out of the murder of old Karamazov, which seems to be imposed upon the real interest of the book as the unintelligible plot of "Little Dorrit" is imposed upon the real interest of that masterpiece. And in "The Idiot" events are so causeless and have so

little effect that we cannot remember them. The best plan is not to try to remember them, for they matter very little. The book is about the souls of men and women, and where the construction is clumsy it is only because Dostoevsky is impatient to tell us what he has to tell.

Those who believe that the soul is only an illusion—and there are many who believe this without knowing it—will be surprised to find how much truth Dostoevsky has discovered through his error. Whether his faith was right or wrong, it certainly served him well as a novelist, and so did his experience. No modern writer has been so well acquainted with evil and misery as he was. Other novelists write about them as moving exceptions in life; he wrote about them, because in his experience they were the rule. Other novelists write about them because they have a quarrel with life or with society, or with particular institutions; but he has no quarrel with anything. There is neither hatred in him, nor righteous indignation, nor despair. He had suffered from Government as much as any man in the world, yet he never saw it as a hideous abstraction, and its crimes and errors were for him only the crimes and errors of men like himself.

We hate men when they seem no longer men to us, when we see nothing in them but tendencies which we abhor; and a novelist who expresses his hatred of tendencies in his characters deprives them of life and makes them uninteresting to all except those who share his hatred. Even Tolstoy makes some of his characters lifeless through hatred; but Dostoevsky hates no one, for behind every tendency he looks for the soul, and the tendency only interests him because of the soul that is concealed or betrayed by it. Thus his wicked people, and they abound, are never introduced into his books either to gratify his hatred of them or to make a plot with their wickedness. He is as much concerned with their souls as with the souls of his saints, Alyosha and Prince Myshkin. Iago seems to be drawn from life, but only from external observation. We never feel that Shakespeare has been Iago himself, or has deduced him from possibilities in himself. But Dostoevsky's worst characters are like Hamlet. He knows things about them that he could only know about himself, and they live through his sympathy, not merely through his observation. He makes no division of men into sheep and goats—not even that subtle division, common in the best novels, by which the sheep are more real than the goats. For him all men have more likeness to each other than unlikeness, for they all have souls; and because he is always aware of the soul in them he has a Christian sense of their equality. It is not merely rich and poor or clever or stupid that are equal to him, but even good and bad. He treats the drunkard Lebedyev with respect, and, though his books contain other characters as absurd as any in Dickens, he does not introduce them, like Dickens, to make fun of them, but only because he is interested in the manner in which their absurdities mistranslate them. Nor is the soul made different for him by sex, for that is only a difference of the body; and so he does not insist on femininity in his women. He knows women, but he knows them as human beings like men; and he is interested in sexual facts not as they affect his own passions but as they affect the soul. He, like his hero, Myshkin, was an epileptic, and what he tells us of Myshkin's attitude towards women may have been true of himself. But if that is so, his own lack of appetite, like the deafness of Beethoven, made his art more profound and spiritual.

He makes no appeal to the passions of his readers, as Beethoven in his later works makes none to the mere sense of sound.

Indeed, he was an artist purified by suffering as saints are purified by it; for through it he attained to that complete disinterestedness which is as necessary to the artist as to the saint. Whenever a man sees people and things in relation only to his own personal wants and appetites he cannot use them as subject matter for art. Dostoevsky learnt to free everything and everybody from this relation more completely, perhaps, than any writer known to us. Not even vanity or fear, nor any theory begotten of them, perverted his view of human life. In his art at any rate he achieved that complete liberation which is aimed at by the wisdom of the East; and his heroes exhibit that liberation in their conduct. Myshkin would be a man of no account in our world, but Christ might have chosen him for one of His Apostles. Any Western novelist, drawing such a character, would have made him unreal by insisting upon his goodness and by displaying it only in external actions, as saints in most European pictures are to be recognized only by a halo and a look of silly sanctity. We fail with such characters because we should not recognize them if we met them in real life, and because we do not even want to be like them ourselves. They represent an ideal imposed on us long ago from the East, and now only faintly and conventionally remembered. We test everybody by some kind of success in this life, even if it be only the success of a just self-satisfaction. But Myshkin has not even that. He is unconscious of his own goodness, and even of the badness of other men. People who meet him are impatient with him and call him "the idiot" because he seems to be purposeless and defenceless. But we do not feel that the novelist has afflicted them with incredible blindness, for we know, as we read, that we too should call Myshkin an idiot if we met him. Indeed, his understanding has never been trained by competition or defence; but that is the reason why now and then it surprises every one by its profundity. For he understands men's minds just because, like Dostoevsky himself, he does not see them in relation to his own wants, and because his disinterestedness makes them put off all disguise before him.

"Dear Prince," some one says to him, "it's not easy to reach Paradise on earth; but you reckon on finding it. Paradise is a difficult matter, Prince —much more difficult than it seems to your good heart." But Myshkin's heart is not good because it cherishes illusions. He does not expect to find Paradise on earth, and he does not like people because he thinks them better than they are. Seeing very clearly what they are, he likes even the worst of them in spite of it; and to read Dostoevsky's books throws us for the time into Myshkin's state of mind. When we are confronted with some fearful wickedness, even when we read about it in the newspapers, it shakes our faith in life and makes it seem like a nightmare in which ordinary comfortable reality has suddenly turned into an inexplicable horror. But in Dostoevsky's books the horror of the nightmare suddenly turns to a happy familiar beauty. He shows us wickedness worse than any we had ever imagined, wickedness which, if we met with it in real life, would make us believe in human monsters without souls; and then, like a melody rising through the discord of madness, he shows us the soul, just like our own, behind that wickedness. And we believe in the one as we have believed in the other; for we feel that a

man is telling us about life who has ceased to fear it, and that his faith, tested by all the suffering which he reveals in his books, is something more to be trusted than our own experience.

The Times.

## JOHN COPE'S YEAR AT OXFORD.

(*Conclusion.*)

### CHAPTER II.

If John Cope in his year at Oxford accomplished nothing that was calculated to set the Isis on fire, his brief residence as a member of the University both amused and interested him. Albeit that in accordance with preconcerted arrangements he found himself exempted from attendance at week-day Chapels and Lectures, he so far developed what might be termed collegiate *esprit de corps* that he took a sensible interest in the successes of St. Cyprian's, both in the Schools and other fields of action. Early in the Term he was called upon to stave off the pressing attentions of the President of the College Boat Club, who had marked out the robust ex-Colonial as a promising recruit for a seat in the boat.

"Thanks," he said shortly, "I mean to play cricket."

"Why not do both?" urged the rowing enthusiast. "Heaps of men do both."

"Well, I don't mean to, anyway."

"Next term, perhaps, Cope."

"Football. I can row well enough for my own purposes, and if I upset I can swim, but I prefer to stick to my old tracks."

A little later on he bade fare to come into collision with the captain of the University Eleven, who seemed to be at once hurt and surprised that a player of "Lister's" calibre should prefer College matches to cricket in the parks. As there are roses that blush unseen, so is there now and again a really good cricketer in residence at Oxford who has never been invited to play in the parks. If John Cope could not be numbered among these, at least he did not make his first appearance in the parks till more than half-way through the term. His own doing, this, entirely. In the first place he managed to conceal his identity with "the Lister," and in the second place declined to have his name sent in for the Freshmen's match.

"Look here," he had said to the College captain, who had gathered that the "Dean's New Importation"—for so the Bursar had been heard to describe John Cope—was a fairly useful cricketer, "I don't want my name put on any lists. I'll play for you, if you want me, as I promised the Dean for one thing, and besides I like cricket, and want to help win a match or two for the College. If these other fellows want me, perhaps they'll ask me later on, but I'm not going to tout about to play for them."

"But you'd like to get your 'Blue'?"

"I don't care whether I do or don't. I'm a bit older, you see, than you fellows, perhaps a bit too old to play against Cambridge. So don't you worry your head about me; I can run my own show."

And this he presently did in College cricket with such happy results that he awoke one Monday morning to find himself famous. For the College correspondent to the Oxford Chronicle had added a footnote to his report.

"J. L. Cope has now scored 534 runs in seven innings, and taken 62 wickets in nine innings at an average cost of 5 runs."

And this paragraph arrested the at-

tention of the Oxford Captain, as, having finished his breakfast somewhere about 10 A. M. on that particular Monday morning, he was studying the doings of the various Colleges as recorded in the "Chronicle."

"By Jove!" muttered the young autocrat. For an autocrat indeed is he who, having passed all his Schools, and therefore having no necessity to attend Lectures, has only come into residence for the express purpose of captaining his University side for the second year in succession, and in expectation of whose fiat the hearts of some twenty young men, possible candidates for those five vacancies in the Oxford Eleven, are now being alternately buoyed up with hope or weighed down by despair. "By Jove!" he repeated, "that's good going; he must be a bit of a flyer. Cope? J. L. Cope! Who is he? Freshman or what? Where's my Wisden?"

Fortunately there is no need for a consultation of that almanac. For an almost immediate solution of the problem is offered by a curly-headed youth, who comes tumbling up the stairs and bursts into the room in a something more than ordinary hurry.

"Sorry, old chap," he exclaims as he lets several books and a cap and gown fall pell-mell on the floor, "but I had to see you, and I'm in a deuce of a hurry—lectures at nine and eleven, and have promised to see King at half-past ten, and, by Jove! there goes the quarter! Now is your side made up against M.C.C. on Thursday?"

"There or thereabouts. Perhaps not quite. Why?"

"Because you must play Cope of St. Cyprian's."

"The deuce I must!" exclaimed the Captain staring open-mouthed at his visitor. "That is really very odd. I was just going to look him up. You've been reading the 'Chronicle,' I suppose. But who is Cope? Where does he hail from?"

"The 'Chronicle' be hanged! I've seen the man, a bit too much of him. I can't tell you where he hails from, but if you ask me where he hit me to I'm there. Bang over our pavilion among other places, and then had the impertinence to bowl me out. First ball, too. Beat me fair and square."

"Fast or slow?"

"Googly of the very best; had me fairly on the hop. Look here, old chap, it was this way, and if it wasn't a beastly fluke, he's a wonder. We played St. Cyprian's on Saturday, we always beat them before, and I thought it would be a walk over, kind of practice knock. But that Cope did the knocking, sixty-three in half an hour. However, they only set us a hundred and twenty, and we ought to have been a cert. for that. Then be hanged if the fellow didn't get our first three wickets for seven runs with legbreaks, pretty good ones too, but legbreaks every one of them, for I watched them pretty carefully, l.b.w. clean bowled, catch in the slips. Well, then I went in, and up came the same ball, but a bit wide of the off stump. Well, I meant chasing her and chopping her past the slips, but hang me if she didn't whip back like lightning, and there was A. T. Lyle bowled Cope nought."

"Pitched in a heel-mark," pronounced the Captain decisively.

"Pitched in your grandmother—he did it again twice over, same ball, same thing."

"Hum!" said the Captain, who in his heart of hearts had more confidence in his secretary's knowledge of the game than he was wont to express.

"And you think he's good enough to play?"

"I don't think, I'm sure."

"Oh, are you? Well, read this," and after putting his finger on the para-

graph of the "Chronicle" as he handed it to Lyle, the Captain took a sheet of writing-paper and commenced to indite a note.

"I say," said Lyle a minute later, looking over the writer's shoulder, "why not call upon him?"

"You can do that—it's not in my province; but you needn't, you know. He'll come fast enough. What sort of a man is he to look at?"

"Oh, quite all right; a biggish chap; rather elderly; Rhodes scholar for choice. I hardly spoke to him, but he seemed nice."

"Well, come back to lunch and see what he says."

And Lyle presently returned to find the Captain simply bubbling over with indignation. For John Cope had sent a polite but withal firm refusal.

"Did you ever hear such a thing? Calmly says that he is playing for the College on Friday and Saturday, when I had asked him to play for the 'Varsity! Of course he's a Rhodes scholar, and had brought his d—d independent view with him from California or some such place."

And for the space of seventy-two hours John Cope was labelled as impossible. But at the conclusion of lunch on the first day of the M. C. C. match, the M. C. C. Captain, an old Oxonian, button-holed the Captain regnant.

"Look here, we've got a quarter of an hour, so come and sit down somewhere. I want to have a word with you," and then, as they left the pavilion, he went on: "Do you know, young fellow, that you have been nursing an angel unawares?"

"Never nursed anything in my life except a lob-bowler. What do you mean?"

"You've got Lister up here and are not playing him."

"Lister? Lister? What Lister?"

"Why, the googly bowler, man alive! The only Lister one ever heard of, the fellow who bowled us out at Lords three years ago. I forget now how many wickets he got, but precious nearly the lot, mine among them. Is he up, do you say? Of course he is. I was talking to him an hour ago. He was looking on, outside there, and I ran up against him. He said he'd been playing a lot in College matches. Have you and Lyle been asleep or what?"

"I don't know, but I've never heard his name mentioned. Not here, I mean. Of course I remember his bowling at Lords. But Lister? Lister?"

"Oh, I forgot. What a fool I am! Of course, he said that he had changed his name,—came in for money or something. Let me see. What does he call himself now? Hope? Pope? Cope!"

"Cope of Cyprian's!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Got him, my boy. And now why aren't you playing him to-day?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I did ask him, but—" and the Captain shortly detailed the circumstances of the invitation, and the refusal.

"Well, look here," said the other, "you must go and call on him yourself,—eat humble pie if it's necessary. He is well worth it. You must have him. He is quite a good fellow, not an ounce of side; but he's a bit older than you are and has knocked about the world a bit, and a 'Blue' may not appeal to him much. But if you talk to him sensibly, he'll come in."

As a result of this conversation, an interview took place between the two young men on the following Sunday, and a partial understanding was arrived at. It is to be regretted that the captain's humble pie took the form of a somewhat ironical remark.

"I hope that you will condescend to play for us occasionally."

"On off days, if you like," replied

John Cope by way of reprisal, and then saved the situation by a hearty laugh. "No, I don't mean that at all —there is no condescension; it is very kind of you to ask me. I'll play any time after this week, but I am booked for two College matches which our Dean has set his heart on winning. He is the whitest man I know."

"But, Cope, you'd like to get your 'Blue,' surely?"

"Perhaps I'd rather have had my 'Green'—rather, I mean, have played for Australia. But I had to come home in the year when I might have been asked to play. But I'd like to help the University as well as the College, independently of colors."

"But the College comes first, eh? Well, look here, Cope, I'll send you a list of our matches, and you'll play when you can. Good morning."

There followed a visit of the great man to the College captain, who shortly found himself being roundly abused for not having sent in "Lister's" name for the Freshman match.

"But I didn't know that he was Lister. How was I to know?"

"You ought to have known: you ought to have made it your business to know," was the uncompromising answer. "Anybody with a grain of sense in his head would have known." And then: "And now you'll have to cut him out of your rotten Eleven. Say that he's not good enough, or something. I don't care what you say, but I want him in the Parks, and I mean to have him."

He must be a poor sort of captain, even of College cricket, who does not possess a certain spirit and temper of his own.

"Oh, now you are talking rot. I shall do nothing of the kind. Of course I'll spare Cope any time he likes, but I can't make him play for you. And what's more, you can't either. You don't know John Cope. But—" for he was already beginning to relent, "I know that he really ought to be playing in the Parks, and so—if I were you I'd go and have a talk with our Dean. He is a sensible old fellow, and if any one can persuade John Cope to do anything, he can."

The Dean, when approached on the following day by Mr. Lyle—for it occurred to the Captain that a College Dean might be more amenable to the solicitations of a scholar, with a First in "Mods." standing to his credit, than to those of an ordinary pass-man—was pleased to be so extremely explicit in his pronouncements, that the young delegate found himself at the end of the interview almost as much in the dark as before.

"And so you see, Mr. Lyle,"—this by way of peroration to a discourse that had already travelled over the grounds of Free Will and Personal Responsibility, as well as of the Relations between State and Individual, College and University, Undergraduate and College, and so forth,—"that it would be manifestly impossible for me in my official capacity to apply anything that might seem to partake of the nature of coercion. Mr. Cope is a man of considerable force of character, actuated by a strong sense of duty towards his College, and in no way likely to be diverted from what he conceives to be his proper course of action by those trivial allurements which occasionally influence decision. At the same time, if I find an opportunity of approaching him on the subject, I can point out to him that, the College being an essential part of our University system, a member of a College owes a measure of allegiance to the University of which the College may be regarded as an integral unit. And I may even be able to suggest that by playing for the

University Eleven an undergraduate may win more honor for his College than by contributing to its success in an inter-collegiate match. I fancy that our Eleven beat Trinity on Saturday, Mr. Lyle? You were playing, were you not? Ah, I thought so. Good morning."

"I think the old boy means all right," reported Mr. Lyle to his captain.

"You think his bark is worse than his bite?"

"Yes; he was quite nice, and though he barked a lot, he only gave me a sort of parting snap."

And, as the sequel proved, the secretary's belief in the Dean's benevolent intentions was justified. For John Cope, having satisfactorily disposed of the question of the "street championship," devoted the remainder of the term to cricket in the Parks, and there did yeoman service for the University. As a matter of fact, he did not ultimately figure against Cambridge at Lords, having had the misfortune to split his bowling finger badly in taking a hot return a few days before the 'Varsity Match.

"Crushing luck for us," remarked the captain. "And for you, too, old fellow. Never mind, you've got your colors."

"Have I?" said Mr. Cope doubtfully.

"I gave them to you a week ago."

"Yes, but I didn't order them then. There was lots of time, you know, and now look!" indicating the arm which he was carrying in a sling.

"Do you mean to say that you are not going to condescend to wear them?" rather hotly from the captain.

"Inclination, not condescension," corrected Mr. Cope. "Not quite sure that blue suits my complexion. However, if I ever do want a blue coat, I'll wear yours. By the way, will you condescend to dine with me on the Wednesday night after the match? Lyle is coming, and two or three others, and we can't get on without the skipper."

The latter stared hard at him for a minute, and then clapped him on the back.

"Of course I will; much obliged to you for asking me. Do you know, John Cope, you are quite the most irritating fellow in the world, and—the best. Why didn't you kick me? But, look here, old man, you'll wear our colors to please me?"

"Well, yes, perhaps I will."

Apart from his cricket performances, John Cope made no especial mark in the College during his first Term. Time did not, indeed, hang heavy on his hands, as he found interest as well as occupation in a line unfamiliar to the ordinary undergraduates, with whom, as being almost of another generation, he perhaps had few tastes—apart from athletical—in common. Living on easy, though not intimate, terms with his fellow-collegians, he by gradual stages passed into becoming the familiar friend and constant associate of the Estates Bursar, a man some five years his senior. Partly out of innate kindliness, and partly with a view to introducing his newest importation to the other Dons, who had been somewhat inclined to question the wisdom of the fresh departure, and to regard this young country squire, who attended neither chapels nor lectures, as a something that was neither "fish nor flesh nor good red herring," the Dean had taken an early opportunity of inviting John Cope to dine at the High Table. It may be remembered that Mr. Nupkins, the Mayor of Ipswich, having started badly by stigmatizing Mr. Samuel Weller as a "desperate ruffian," at the expiration of a short half-hour "with his peculiar sagacity had discovered him to be one of the finest fellows in the world." So now the Estates Bur-

sar, finding himself seated on one side of John Cope at table, without being in any way prepossessed in the "stranger's" favor, chanced to inaugurate a conversation about the weather, crop prospects, and so forth, only to discover that he was talking to a man who had studied estate-management from a practical point of view.

"Why, what a farmer you are, Mr. Cope!" he exclaimed.

"Have to know a bit," was the answer. "I do my own bailiffing when I'm at home, and, besides, I was four years on an Australian sheep-station."

The upshot of the conversation was that after the usual adjournment to the Common-room the Estates Bursar insisted on carrying John Cope off to his own rooms, where the pair talked farming till midnight. And long before the sitting concluded the Bursar had come to the conclusion that his visitor's knowledge of agriculture and stock-raising was far more practical and extensive than his own.

"And you really like this sort of thing, Cope?"

"A landlord has to like it nowadays if he wants to keep his head above water."

"Well, then, will you ride out with me to-morrow morning—I know you ride—and give me your opinion about one of our farms near Abingdon, which is in rather a bad way?"

One expedition by horse or motor followed another, and before the end of the term the Estates Bursar was prepared to swear that on practical points John Cope was by far the best-informed man in College.

A friend in court is always useful, and it was the Estates Bursar who threw himself into the breach, on the occasion of the memorable interview between the President and John Cope in the course of "Collections," and who assisted the Dean in quashing a charge of "studied impertinence" brought against the young man by a junior Tutor.

Our President, it should be said, was a nonagenarian. Not a little deaf, it follows, and apt to be querulous. A dignified old man on state occasions, prone to err on the side of regarding an undergraduate in the light of an overgrown schoolboy, who required at all times and under all conditions to be kept in his proper place. Having outlived his generation, the old gentleman held himself for the most part aloof from society, left the management of the College entirely in the Dean's hands, and was seldom seen beyond the precincts of his own garden. Popular tradition asserted that he only retained office because the holding entailed less trouble than the resignation, and because he dreaded a change of residence and associations. And yet in a way he was a great personality, and distinctly popular with the St. Cyprian's undergraduates, successive generations of whom cherished and retailed those little caustic sayings wherewith he was pleased to rebuke presupposed frivolity or to check any tendency towards mistimed enthusiasm.

A stickler, too, for tradition. Where absence from a chapel or a lecture might have passed in his eyes for a venial offence, absence from "Collections"—that solemn occasion when the President put himself to the labor of being personally present, of personally inquiring into the performances and prospects of each individual undergraduate, and personally admonishing each in turn—ranked as a cardinal crime.

Under the circumstances it was unfortunate that Mr. Cope entirely mistook that premonitory wave of the hand which was intended to warn the undergraduate, who was in the course of being introduced by the Dean, to keep

at a respectful distance from the Presidential chair.

"Mr. Cope, sir," said the Dean, "a gentleman of great promise." Then, lowering his voice—"in the athletic world." And we may hope that the President heard as much of the introduction as he was intended to hear, and that the Dean's pious fraud escaped detection.

There followed the wave of the hand, which was immediately grasped by Mr. Cope and cordially shaken, and then—it must be urged in John Cope's defence that he had put the same question to that other nonagenarian, his deceased uncle, morning after morning for the space of four years, and that its omission would have been resented—in that loud clear voice, also dedicated to the uncle,—

"I hope that you are finding yourself pretty well this morning, sir?"

There followed an awful pause, during which the President minutely examined the condition of each separate finger, and several undergraduates spluttered audibly. The question remained unanswered.

"What school are you in for?" at last inquired the President with marked severity.

"None, sir," enunciated John Cope, and it was then that the Estates Bursar intervened.

"Mr. Cope, sir," he said, leaning over the table and speaking very slowly and distinctly, "is in for no examination at present, but he is deeply interested, with very happy results, in the science and pursuit of agriculture."

"So," quoth the President with great dignity, "I should have imagined."

Another incident, a molehill in itself, gave rise to a lively discussion in the Common-room that night, there being an inclination on the part of an aggrieved tutor, new to his office, to magnify it into a mountain. It so happened that John Cope, sitting in the Hall, and having nothing to do but to twiddle his thumbs until his turn came round to be introduced to the President, had picked up a copy of an Arithmetic paper, set, perhaps, with no better object in view than that of keeping a few Freshmen quiet. The first question rather interested him, and having amused himself by working out the answer in his head, he picked up a piece of paper and formally wrote out the result.

"That's all right," he muttered to himself, and then went on to apply the same process to yet another and another question until half-way down the paper he encountered one of those truly awful problems relative to the meeting-point of two trains which have respectively started from the terminus at either end of the line.

"Hang the thing!" muttered Mr. Cope. "How does one start it? Eh, what?"

For at the moment his next-door neighbor, a Freshman, addressed him.

"Look out, Cope! You'll be wanted in a minute. The Dean is looking at you."

"Oh, thanks!" and after one more careless glance at the problem, John Cope shortly wrote down: "My dear sir, why not ask the names of the engine-drivers?" and had barely finished writing when he was called up to interview the President. It was then that idle curiosity tempted the Freshman to inspect Cope's handiwork, and after he had so inspected, it occurred to him that it would be an immense joke to show up the paper. So he scribbled "John Cope" on the back, and deposited it on the heap of papers awaiting inspection.

"I don't know what you think of this, Mr. Dean, but I call it a bit of studied insolence!" and with that the young Tutor, who had been nursing a grievance for two hours, passed up

the offending document for the Dean's inspection.

"Hum! Yes, it is curious," said the Dean, after subjecting the paper to a careful examination through his spectacles, "but I question whether Mr. Cope meant it for your eyes."

"Let me look," interposed the Estates Bursar. "Cope is not the sort of man to give himself away." And then a minute later: "Really, Hughes, if your common-sense did not tell you that a man of Cope's age is not given to play schoolboy tricks, your eyesight might have shown you that somebody else scribbled his name on it. Look for yourself, man!"

And Hughes had to admit that there was a considerable discrepancy in the handwriting of the work and the signature.

"What's more," went on the counsel for the defendant, "it is the best answer you are likely to get to your futile question. You *might* just as well have asked the names of the drivers!"

"Why," said the Tutor indignantly, "it is very simple arithmetic. The two trains would have met at a quarter-past eleven exactly."

"Would they?" contemptuously. "Of course they ought to, arithmetically that is, but they wouldn't. John Cope knows what you don't know, apparently—that no train on that line was ever yet known to start or arrive within an hour of the advertised time."

And the laugh was on the side of John Cope and the Bursar.

## CHAPTER III.

Two more terms were passed at Oxford, pleasantly enough, by John Cope. He played football both for the College and the University, and inasmuch as his name figured in the "Fifteen" that beat Cambridge, we may suppose that he wore the Oxford colors, though whether he ever redeemed the half promise made to the captain of the Eleven in the matter of wearing the "Cricket Blue," is open to doubt. Furthermore, he accompanied the Estates Bursar on sundry farming expeditions, and on several occasions while assisting that gentleman and other kindred spirits in shooting over some outlying preserves, made some pleasant acquaintance among the younger generation of Dons.

That he became a member of "Vincent's" goes without saying, and if he was never at pains to form intimacies in the undergraduate world, his name was more widely known than most at Oxford in his day.

"Who is that? Why, John Cope of Cyprian's, of course. I only just know him to speak to, but every one says that he is a first-rate fellow. Came up late, you know."

Such was the verdict passed on him by many an undergraduate with whom he had nothing more than a nodding acquaintance. In his own College, naturally, he was something of a "lion," and was pointed out to strangers as a "Double Blue." If his voice was not heard loudly in College circles, the little he did say was listened to and carried weight, so much so that it was admitted on all sides that John Cope was a useful member of society.

And yet at the end of his year of residence he quitted Oxford under a cloud. Hardly correct this. For he had "gone down" before the existence of the cloud was discovered. On a certain Friday in March he had packed up his goods and chattels, paid a visit to the Dean, and, much to that gentleman's regret, formally taken his name off the books, and then, having signalized his impending departure by entertaining some half a dozen men at the Mitre, had finally quitted Oxford at cock-crow on the Saturday morning. And on that same morning the junior mathematical tutor's scout, going to

call his master at 7 A. M., found that the latter had been "screwed up."

"Mr. Cope said I was to give you these first thing this morning."

So said Mr. Cope's scout, who, hurrying down his own staircase and ascending No. IV., had found his fellow-servant in an attitude of despair. "Come in useful, seemingly," and he handed over a screw-driver with "J. C." cut on the handle, four screws of a similar pattern to those now buried in the tutor's oak, and a note addressed to the latter.

"Why on earth are you so late?" exclaimed that astonished gentleman as he bounded out of bed on receiving the startling announcement that it was past the half-hour.

"Well, sir, it's not my fault. You were screwed up, and I've had a job in getting in, and I was to give you this with Mr. Cope's compliments."

The note was very brief.

"*My dear Sir*,—You may find these useful for future contingencies.—Yours faithfully, *John Cope*."

"Good heavens, John! What's this?"

"Screw-driver and eight screws, sir. Four was in your door, and four Mr. Cope sent. And what am I to do with them?"

"Put them anywhere. No, put them on my table, and clear out."

In the heat of the moment chapel was forgotten. No bad thing either, for the Tutor was in anything but a Christianlike frame of mind. He felt that he was the victim of an outrage, a deliberately planned and executed piece of insolence. Such a thing was unprecedented in the annals of St. Cyprian's.

Later on an informal College meeting was held in the Dean's rooms. Four members only of the Common-room were present—the Dean himself, the College Bursar, the Estates Bursar, and the complainant, who was simply thirsting for vengeance.

It fell to the lot of the Bursar, a middle-aged gentleman with a merry twinkle in his eye, to show that vengeance was practically impossible, and as he passed for the greatest legal authority in residence, his pronouncement carried due weight.

"Condign punishment, you say, Hughes. Well, yes, doubtless that would be desirable. But most unfortunately the form of punishment has to be considered, and the only thing I can suggest is that you yourself should pursue Mr. Cope into the country—the porter could give you his address—and —punch his head. I think I should be justified under the circumstances in paying for your ticket—perhaps two singles would be safer than a return—out of the College funds, but the possible medical charges would have to be considered later. Ah!" for Mr. Hughes, who stood about five feet six inches in his boots, was wholly unathletic, and wore spectacles into the bargain, here made a strong sign of dissent. "Well," continued the Bursar, "as that cock won't fight—you will excuse one quotation, my dear Hughes—we come to the College. *Ultra vires*, I fear. Twenty-four hours ago the case was different, but the College at this moment has no hold on Mr. Cope. True, we might sue him for trespass and wilful damage of property, and a jury might award us—there were four screw-holes, I believe—the magnificent sum of eightpence, or possibly a shilling, if we proved our case. But speaking for myself, for, as custodian of the College property, I should have to appear as plaintiff, the game is hardly worth the candle. I happen to be going to Rome, and certainly have no wish to be kept here, or to hurry home for the gratification of knowing that Mr. John Cope, who would of course appear through his solicitor, had been mulcted in the sum of one shilling, and a guinea or so for costs. Moreover, we

should be laughed at for our pains—and, well, don't you agree with me, Dean, that in itself, the alleged trespasser being a 'stranger,' the whole affair is very trivial, and may be consigned to oblivion?"

The Dean and Estates Bursar nodded in token of assent, and Hughes, seeing that the sense of the house was against him, wisely forbore to enter a protest.

And then the Estates Bursar, with his hand on the door, and in the act of quitting the room, suddenly rapped out—

"Well, the whole affair is very mysterious. Quite right, no doubt, to—ah—bury it in oblivion, but my own opinion is that John Cope had nothing whatever to do with it."

"Not in the face of this evidence!" shrieked the indignant Hughes.

"Hang the evidence! You mean the note and the screw-driver. Hand over the screw-driver, if you don't want it, Hughes. I'll keep it as a memento of John Cope, and you can keep the letter."

And the Dean, left alone, sorely puzzled and sad at heart, presently sat down and with much care and circumspection wrote to John Cope a letter of which the whole *raison d'être* lay in the postscript—

"Was it not unwise to signalize your departure in the way you did? Such things are apt to leave a false impression."

John Cope, in answering the letter, wrote cheerily about other matters, but made no allusion to the postscript, and as the aged President died in the course of the vacation, the Dean, unanimously elected to reign in his stead, found his attention fully occupied.

## CHAPTER IV.

Nothing further was heard of John Cope until the Estates Bursar, strolling down Bond Street some two years later, almost ran into his arms. Mutual greetings were exchanged, and before they parted the Bursar had pledged himself to dine with John at the Isthmian that night. The pair, having many tastes in common, found plenty to talk about, and it was only when the conversation drifted round to Oxford that the Bursar suddenly exclaimed—

"And now, Cope, why did you screw up Hughes?"

John Cope burst out laughing.

"You don't mean to say that you really gave me credit for that performance?"

"Not for one minute. But now tell me all about it."

And without a moment's hesitation John Cope complied with the request.

"Well, I suppose the whole thing is dead and buried now; and, anyhow, I should have told you at the time if I'd had the chance. I had a few of those boys to dine with me at the Mitre that night. That was partly the reason why I took my name off in such a hurry. Of course, I had a private room and all that; but I thought it would be safer for them, if a proctor came along, to be dining with—well, a bachelor uncle from the country instead of an undergraduate. Well, no proctor came; but the room was stuffy, so we adjourned to my own quarters somewhere about ten. There was a devil of a mess there. I had been packing up, screwing down cases, and so forth, and my screw-driver and some loose screws were on the table. While we were talking one young donkey—I expect he'd had a glass too much champagne—made some excuse to go away for a bit, and—well, the screws and the screw-driver lay handy. He reappeared about twelve just as the other fellows were going, and I noticed then that he was a bit above himself. And after the other

fellows had gone he stayed on and told me what he'd done, and was quite proud of it. He wasn't quite so proud ten minutes later, I can promise you, for I sorted him to rights. You see, I knew that his father was a country parson, as poor as a church mouse, and that everything depended on his taking a good degree. The poor little devil absolutely cried, and asked me what he should do, and—you can guess the rest. I told him I'd break every bone in his body if he ever opened his mouth on the subject again. Indeed, I think I told him it would be ruination to myself. I forget how, exactly, but I spun some yarn. Of course you'll say, why not take the screws out? Too much trouble, too late, and too dangerous. There!"

"Name, please, John Cope?"

"Name! Well, I suppose you are safe, but don't let it go any further." And with that he leant forward and whispered the name in the Bursar's ear.

"Good heavens! Why, he took the most brilliant First of the year, and he'll be a Fellow shortly."

"Yes, I know that," said John Cope quietly. "The game paid for the candle—I mean the screws."

"Upon my honor, Cope," exclaimed his guest after a short silence, "you are a wonderful fellow to have hit upon the wisest thing to do on the spur of the moment. Except—why didn't you come to me?"

"You'd gone to bed, and so had the Dean. If either of you two had been the victim, I would have come in the morning and risked it. But I didn't happen to know Hughes, and he apparently did not want to know me—at least he always looked the other way if I passed him."

"Guilty conscience, perhaps!" ejaculated the Bursar and then changed the subject. However, just before they parted he reverted to it again.

"Well, good-night, Cope. Thank you for a most excellent dinner and a very interesting evening. But you must let me tell that story, or as much of it as I think fit, to the President. He was very fond of you, and he took your apparent lapse from the paths of virtue not a little to heart."

"The President!" exclaimed John Cope, startled for a moment by the suggestion. "Oh, of course, the Dean that was! Well, yes, you can tell him if you like; he is a white man, and won't kick up any bobbery. Besides, it's old history now."

Accordingly, three days later, Mr. Hughes, sitting in his room, and engaged in the compilation of a mathematical Responsions paper, received a visit from the President.

"I have come to tell you, Hughes," said the visitor, plunging at once *in medias res*, "that Mr. John Cope was in no way responsible for that foolish affair in connection with your rooms some two years back. In fact, he behaved with what I may call most unusual forethought under very difficult circumstances. I do not feel myself exactly at liberty—eh—what?"

For here he was suddenly interrupted by Hughes, who, shaking him warmly by the hand, exclaimed—

"I can't tell you what a weight you have taken off my mind! Now at last I can write to John Cope and tell him what I think of him."

"Write to John Cope, and tell him what you think of him?" slowly repeated the President.

"Yes, you don't know one half of what that man really is. Please listen—it's not a long story."

And then it came out that some nine months back two old maiden aunts of Hughes, cruelly hit by the failure of a Bank in which they had invested nearly all they had, and compelled to give up their comfortable flat in Lon-

don and retire to a small cottage in the country, had by a curious coincidence found themselves the tenants of the young Squire of Harraden. To a pair of nervous old ladies, wholly unaccustomed to fend for themselves, the transition from London life and comparatively luxurious surroundings to a straitened income and a single maid-servant in a strange neighborhood had at the outset proved a grievous trial. But the unusual kindness shown to them by their landlord and his newly married wife not only lightened their burden, but bade fair as time passed on to reconcile them completely to the new departure. It was not merely that presents of game and vegetables constantly found their way to the cottage from the Hall; that John Cope, on pretence of keeping his horses exercised, once or twice in the course of each week insisted on putting a carriage at their disposal, but—truer kindness yet—either he himself or his young wife made a point of paying almost daily visits and cheering the old ladies' solitude.

"My aunts," concluded the narrator, "say that Cope's wife is almost as fine a fellow as Cope himself."

"Obviously impossible," quoth the Dean. "A woman may be a good soul, but to call her a fine fellow is a misnomer."

"Well," said the Tutor a few minutes later, as he ushered the President to the door, "now that that little awkwardness is removed, I can write out to Cope at last. But how shall I begin to him? 'My dear sir' sounds so very formal."

"Write as you feel," was the wise advice. "Why not begin, 'My dear John Cope,' for that is what he was called here, although," a little regretfully, "he really was Lister."

What the tutor wrote to John Cope has not transpired, but once again the gist of a cordial letter from the President lay in the postscript:—

"I still regret that by taking your name off the books you severed your formal connection with the College for which you did good service. And that not only in the world of sports. For but for your kindly diplomacy, a promising career might have been cut short, and the College prematurely deprived of one of its most brilliant scholars."

It remains to say that John Cope found his way to Oxford in the following summer term, and playing for M. C. C. scored 31 runs in sixteen minutes before being well caught on the boundary; that he took three wickets with fast left-hand deliveries—his day of googly bowling was past, as he had never entirely recovered from the injury to his bowling finger; and staying at the President's house he dined in Hall one night as Hughes' guest, and on the following night formed one of a small dinner-party given in his honor by the President.

"We had the best bottle of port I ever sampled," he told me afterwards, "and we played whist. The President and I took on the two Bursars, and we won half-a-crown each by the finest revoke you ever heard of. We were four all, and a game all, and there were just two tricks to go in the last game—they had got six to our five. It was the Bursar's lead, and the President was fourth hand. Well, the Bursar had the best club in, the nine. He led it, and no one else had a club but the President, who had the eight and the last trump. He wasn't a bit put off, but quietly trumped the nine, and then led the eight. And they never saw it. Of course I held my tongue then. But I told the Bursar in the morning, and he vows that he will knock the half-crown off the President's screw!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE NEW JOURNALISM.

Mr. Robert Donald, one of the most successful and enterprising of London's managing editors, is to be congratulated on his presidential address to the Institute of Journalists. Addresses on such occasions are apt to abound in superficialities; but Mr. Donald paid his audience at York the compliment of talking very frankly and seriously, dispensing without reserve the fruits he has gathered from a wide experience, and the opinions he has formed about the past, present, and future of the British Press. In the first place, he provides some statistics, which seem to be new, and are certainly worth recording. In the last 20 years "the total number of newspapers—morning, evening, and weekly—in England has only increased a little more than 6 per cent," while the population has increased 24 per cent, and the reading population has probably increased still more, owing to the decline of illiteracy. Mr. Donald is therefore entitled to speak of a check upon the multiplication of newspapers. He declares that in the big towns there are now fewer morning and evening newspapers than 20 years ago, and, what is more disturbing, "the existing papers are in the hands of fewer ownerships." We are surprised to learn from Mr. Donald that "the proprietorial system has almost disappeared." We should have thought most of the provincial newspapers, or, at any rate, the most successful ones, were still owned privately or run by large proprietors through the medium of a private company; nor do we see much difference in essentials between a private company and a private partnership. However that may be, it is certainly remarkable that there should now be 12 large newspaper companies quoted on the London Stock Exchange, whereas 20 years ago there was not a single one. Of the *leading* daily and evening newspapers, says Mr. Donald, nine-tenths "belong to limited companies," and as a result of this form of ownership the Press has become "commercialized," which expression the president of the institute explains in the following sentences:—"The private owner was a business man who liked his profit and made it; but as he had no responsibility towards shareholders he preferred to make less profit rather than to compromise with principle. Under corporate ownership the main concern of shareholders, who are investors and not journalists, is their dividends, and dividends must be earned, even if principle has to suffer in the process."

Thus the substitution of multiple ownership for individual ownership is represented as a demoralizing factor in the newspaper Press. But there may be some exaggeration here. At any rate, we shall console ourselves with the thought that some powerful writers and competent editors are also men of principle. It is obviously quite possible that a limited company proceeding on purely commercial principles, may find it expedient to allow their newspaper to be conducted on honest lines. In fact, we may be sure that any first-class editor would be ashamed to conduct a newspaper otherwise than in accordance with his own ideas and convictions. Nor is the single proprietor necessarily either scrupulous or conscientious. He may prefer pelf to principle and low-class advertisements to a high-class reputation. No doubt much allowance must be made for the modern editor. So long as a paper is successful he ought to be able to steer a straight course, but if the circulation begins to decline

and the advertisements fall off, he may have to choose between conscience and interest, or, to put it quite plainly, between self-respect and bread and butter. As a matter of fact, the average journalist is like the average politician—he is perpetually compromising and taking middle courses. He is more or less of an optimist with more or less of a conscience. And yet the public always likes sincerity and vigor, and we decline to believe that a good journalist need be afraid of taking an independent course. If he cannot win the respect and confidence of one set of proprietors he will win the respect and confidence of another. Clear thinking and plain writing will always command readers—at any rate in this country.

People recognize that statesmen and members of Parliament have to surrender a good many of their convictions to the necessities of party Government; they recognize that lawyers have to place the whole of their intellectual and rhetorical resources at the disposal of the client by whom they happen to be briefed; but they see no such necessity for the journalist, and they like him to say what he thinks about questions as they arise, and if they find that he applies a consistent set of principles and ideas to the criticism of policy and events they will read and support him. Common-sense and a good English style should prevail in the long run over the hasty and nonsensical vaporings of ill-informed sensationalists.

At the same time, the dangers which Mr. Donald points out are very real, and we do not share his optimistic belief that the Press is improving, though it has no doubt made technical and mechanical strides. One of the chief mischiefs is a tendency to the formation of newspaper trusts. "One company sometimes owns or controls a series of newspapers," just as in the United States one financial house may own or control a chain of banks or trust companies. In the Press "there have been absorptions, amalgamations, alliances, with the result that vast aggregations of capital have been built up in which thousands of shareholders are interested. These agglomerations, piling up power and wealth, are controlled by the same forces which operate in other fields of activity." Moreover, in recent years, "the country has been covered with federations of newspaper proprietors, joined together as a national body by a national council. It is a new influence in the Press which must be reckoned with." Of course, if a newspaper trust is controlled by men of high character and ability it may do a great deal of good. But, generally speaking, the system produces bad results. It is apt to lower the editor to the position of a puppet. It reduces his salary and sense of responsibility. A provincial newspaper run from London with half-a-dozen others by a highly-salaried "expert" (who knows nothing about the local district) is bound to be a poor affair.

Another development of questionable utility is "the nationalizing" of London newspapers, "which now overrun the provinces." This development, as Mr. Donald remarks, has been brought about by advancing the clock two hours, by the use of special trains and motor-cars, and by new methods of distribution. Thus London papers can be delivered with the morning milk in most parts of the Midlands and the South of England; and in some of the biggest centres, such as Manchester and Glasgow, the London halfpenny papers run a local edition, telegraphing the greater part of their contents from London. All this means severe competition. But the genuine provincial newspaper, so long as it is well conducted, has an enormous advan-

tage in its own district; for the London Press is quite unable to compete with it in the local news. We may doubt whether the rate of mortality among provincial papers has been greater of late years than in the metropolitan Press. Mr. Donald lays a good deal of stress upon the new means which are employed for obtaining a large circulation. He says:—"The old dignified journal thought it was enough to issue its paper to the public. If the people did not read it, so much the worse for them. It stood on its internal merits alone. Now the circulation managers are at work with large staffs canvassing for new readers, spending huge sums on special trains and motor-car services, and running publicity campaigns. . . . . They proclaim the merits of their papers on the hoardings and on the house-tops, and their energetic and original methods of obtaining circulation win new readers." Yes, but do they keep their readers? We are convinced the best advertisement of a paper is the quality of its contents, though no doubt the success of a half-penny newspaper depends more upon its news than upon its leaders. On the other hand, some of the most prosperous papers both in England and France depend very largely upon the excellence of their articles. We have no doubt that in the last few months many people have bought the *Daily Telegraph* in order to read Dr. Dillon's despatches on the various political phases of the Balkan war. It is, at any rate, arguable that many of our newspapers would be more successful than they are if they applied the huge sums which they spend on special trains, and motor-car services, and publicity campaigns, in paying their writers and sub-editors and correspondents better. They might take more trouble, too, in selecting their staff. A newspaper is more likely to be ruined by cheap labor than by economy in special trains. We can recollect one very rich and powerful newspaper which became a worthless property owing to the introduction of a "gold brick" manager, who quickly substituted cheap and inferior men for the admirable staff which it had previously possessed. Mr. Donald declares that work on an up-to-date newspaper is much more strenuous than it used to be:—"The pressure and the strain are greater as the time during which reports have to be written and sub-edited is shortened." The most appalling and horrifying part of this address was a vision of the future:—

The national newspapers will not contain less reading matter, but the pages will be smaller. They will be printed better and neatly stitched, and will, of course, include pictures in color. The future methods of distribution will be quicker, and circulations will cover greater areas. Airships and aeroplanes will be used for the most distant centres; electric trains and motorplanes, running in special tracks, will also be used. In all the chief centres of population papers will be distributed by electric or pneumatic tubes. The morning and evening newspapers will be merged, and editions will come out almost every hour, day and night. News will be collected by wireless telephones, and the reporter will always have a portable telephone with him, with which he can communicate with his paper without the trouble of going to a telephone office or writing out a message. At the other end the wireless telephone message will be delivered to the sub-editor printed in column form.

The chief competition to the national newspapers of the future will not be from other newspapers, but from other methods of disseminating news.

At the people's recreation halls, with the cinematograph and the gramophone, or some more agreeable instrument of mechanical speech, all the news of the day will be given hot from

its source. People may become too lazy to read, and news will be laid on to the house or office just as gas and water is now. The occupiers will listen to an account of the news of the day read to them by much improved phonographs while sitting in their garden, or a householder will have his daily newspaper printed in column form by a printing machine in his hall, just as we have tape machines in offices now.

But even if some part of Fleet street 50 years hence may resemble the infernal vision of Mr. Donald's lurid fancy, there may still be a demand for writers who refuse to prostitute their talents by writing hurried nonsense, or talking "hot stuff" through a telephone into a machine. After all, if, as he says, the people are better educated, they may also be becoming more civilized and reflective and critical. In that case they will see the futility of much of the modern journalism, of seven o'clock editions which leave the office at four, of morning papers which go to press before the night news arrives, and of all the swindles and impostures which make up the cheap variety entertainment that calls itself a *news*paper. After all, there are even now a good many people who prefer a good history to a bad novel, and a first-class theatre to a second-rate music-hall.

**The Economist.**

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## A LOCAL BOSS.

How he became a leader I cannot tell. When I knew him he had none of the qualities that one ordinarily associates with leadership. Insignificant in appearance, short, round-shouldered, shuffling, his little grey eyes constantly blinking as if to hide their blood-shot whites, seldom quite sober, incoherent of speech, hopelessly insolvent, neglectful of his family and of his business—farming on a small scale, he was on all the local boards, chairman of many of them, and head of the district political organization. Despised and distrusted, it was hard to discover the secret of his power, which was unquestioned. It lay, I think, in a vague but very real fear of him. Garrulous when sober, he was reserved in his cups. He generally sat silent, his weak, flabby lips pursed, one eye screwed up, his whole face having an air of malevolent mystery. Apropos of nothing he interjected an occasional remark "When I was a Fenian in '67", and then trailed off into incoherency; or "The head centre asked my opinion." This was taken as a reference to a secret society of the 'eighties which held the district in a state of terror for several years.

"He's a dark man in his drink, and sure the whole world knows as man speaks the truth then, if ever," a friend of his confided to me. "It's a pity he's so cute when the drink is in him. If he'd only talk like a Christian then it's many a daring deed he could tell of. He being a friend of the head centre's, he must know a power. Sure in them days they thought no more of shooting a landlord than I would of pelting a stone at an old cat."

As he was a child in petticoats in '67 his exploits as a Fenian were apocryphal, and a rival politician hinted that Jimmy Dunne's connection with the secret society was purely imaginative. "Between you and me and the wall," he said mysteriously, "Jimmy Dunne's only an ould fraud. Only that I'm afeard of putting the police on me own track, I could burst his bubble mighty quick. The people

round here is only a pack of ould women that'd believe any story if only it was hinted at often enough, they're all so mortial afeard o' being boycotted or popped at from behind a hedge. Afeard of each other's shadows they are if they only knew! Jimmy a 'centre'! Moryah!" he spat disgustedly. "Not but that he's up to a dodge or two in politics. I give him credit for that," he added, a note of admiration in his voice. "Did you ever hear tell of how he put out the ould mimber? No. Well, this was the way of it. The mimber was getting tired of Jimmy. I doubt he was drawing too much money from him, and the mimber didn't think him worth it. Anyhow he put a slight on him. Jimmy never pretended to notice it, but bided his time till the gineral election. The mimber had to be chose each time by a convintion made up according to the rules of the Directory in Dublin of diligates of the United League branches and some other bodies. For some reason or other the football association had the right of sending diligates too, but they never did it up to this. Now, Jimmy had the habit o' boasting of a great many things he didn't do, but the wan thing he could boast of he never mentioned. Though you wouldn't think it of him now, and him that broken down with the drink, he was a great football player in his time, and all the football lads had a great liking for him for it. To make a long story short, the night before the convintion the mimber came down to Bunnahone, and he met Jimmy in the hotel bar sober enough. The mimber was in great good-humor, for he knew he had all the United League branches in his pocket.

"'Everything secure, eh,' he said slapping Jimmy on the back. Jimmy looked mysterious-like and said 'Another half a sovereign would do it.' The mimber thought Jimmy wanted the money for drink, and it being election-time he didn't mind throwing away a little, so he gave him the half a sovereign. What did Jimmy do but put two shillings, which for a miracle he had of his own, to the ten and hire two outside cars, and set off himself in wan and a friend in another to whip up diligates of the football association agin the mimber at the convintion the following day. The mimber's face was a sight to see when next day Jimmy nominated the chairman of the footballers, and the ould mimber was defeated by two to wan. The Directory in Dublin would have disputed the selection, but when the story of Jimmy's tactics got out, and how the mimber had paid the expinses of his own defeat, the laugh was agin him. And the whole world knows what a laugh agin a man does in an election. Anyway Jimmy's man got in flying. He had very near come to the end of his tether, but that was the making of him, and nothing since could ever convince the Directory that Jimmy wasn't the most powerful man in the whole country. And signs by, sure it's he that can pull any strings he likes. More's the pity, th' ould fraud!" he wound up viciously.

As chairman of the district council Jimmy was a magistrate ex-officio. The mouldy village police court had not known a dull day since his advent to the bench. "The mere sight of him on the binch," his rival confided to me, "when the drink cases come on would make a cat laugh. He looks that sayrious you'd think he never saw the sight of a glass himself in his life." His special forte was in cross-examination of the police. On friendly terms with them outside he was their unsparing critic in court, and always acted as attorney for the defence.

"Come to the coort to-day," Jimmy's critic said to me. "There's sure to be

great fun. There's a lot of police cases on, and Jimmy'll be in his element."

The little court-room was crowded. There were four magistrates on the bench, three of whom were emblems of starched respectability in contrast to Dunne, who sprawled limp and unshaven over the desk behind which he sat. His small head lay on his outstretched arms, his blinking eyes wandering over the crowd in front.

A few "drunk" cases were summarily disposed of. "Now you'll hear Jimmy," whispered my friend as another case was called. "This lad is a friend of Jimmy's. They were drinking together, but Patsey had the misfortune to leave the pub before Jimmy and fell dead-like on the pavement. The police picked him up—if they'd known he was with Jimmy they'd likely have closed an eye and let him lie, afeard of the lash of Jimmy's tongue."

A young constable swore the prisoner was drunk and incapable. Jimmy sat upright and glared at him.

"How do you know the dacent man was drunk?" he asked. The constable blushed and stammered:

"He smelled o' drink, your worship."

Jimmy turned up his eyes to the ceiling.

"You'd better arrest the whole court," he said, looking pointedly at the staid but florid presiding magistrate. There was a general laugh.

"An' he couldn't put a leg under him," added the constable eagerly.

"Could a man in a faint put a leg under him?" Jimmy asked with a smile at the audience.

"Five shillings and costs," said the presiding magistrate frowning.

Jimmy wrangled against the decision for five minutes, but finally subsided, muttering "A miscarriage of justice."

A sergeant, his hand bandaged, prosecuted in a case of savage assault, the prisoner having severely bitten the sergeant's thumb.

"What complaint have you agin the poor man?" Jimmy asked.

"He bit my thumb, your worship."

"Isn't that what you're paid for?" said Jimmy severely.

"A month with hard labor is the least we can give such a grave case," said the presiding magistrate.

"No, no," said Jimmy. "I'm agin that. A ten-shilling fine is more than enough for a trifling error of judgment in regard to a policeman's thumb."

My neighbor grew excited when a charge against a number of men for cattle-driving was called. "It's Jimmy himself ought to be in the dock for that," he said. "Sure he was directing the drive himself, and everyone in the coort knows it."

The sergeant swore that the men in the dock were the leaders of a large mob committing an illegal act.

"Would you tell me, sargint, how you knew they were the leaders?" Jimmy asked mildly.

"They were in the front, your worship."

Jimmy shook his head sadly. I'm afeard they don't teach ye much tactics in the force, sargint," he said. "Did ye never hear tell now that the rale gineral is always to be found in the rear?"

"Where Jimmy was himself!" said my neighbor admiringly, joining in the loud laughter that greeted Jimmy's rally. "There's that spice o' humor in him since he got on the binch that I could forgive him a good dale," he added musingly. "A dull man he is as a rule, but no wonder his spirits is riz a little feeling that he's sitting up there safe out of the peelers' hands, and they aching to have him in the lock-up. Sure it's a great thing entirely to be a magistrate even if he's a figure o' fun itself."

The last time I saw Jimmy a

patient, sad-eyed woman was helping him home. He buttonholed me:

"In '67 when I was a Fenian I was on the binch one d'y . . . ," and he mumbled to himself.

"Come along quiet now, Jimmy, darling," she said gently, "and let the gentleman by."

"The wife—a good woman—no taste for public affairs though," he murmured.

The Saturday Review.

"Troth it would be better for him if he had less," she said, looking at me appealingly. "Don't think too badly of him, sir. Sure he's his own worst enemy. With all his fierce talk and his fierce looks sure he wouldn't hurt a fly. You'd know it if you saw him playing with the children when he's himself."

Perhaps she knew him best.

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## A DEBT OF HONOR.

By her unhappy machinations my sister-in-law has landed me in hot water again, and I am in need of advice. For if, on the one hand . . . but perhaps I had better first give you the facts and then you can judge for yourselves.

One Sunday in April I was sitting in her drawing-room waiting for her to offer me some tea. For the last twenty minutes I had been throwing out hints, which passed, however, unheeded. Frances does talk so.

"This morning," she said, breaking out afresh after a momentary lull, "this morning I saw—what do you think?"

"A man holding a mug," I suggested hopefully.

"No. Down in the waterside meadow I saw a swallow. Arn't you glad it's the spring again?"

"Are you sure it wasn't a laborer making a noise that looked like a swallow?" I asked, with grave misgivings. "Spring doesn't really begin, you know, till I've ordered my fancy vests."

"My dear boy, where is your nose? Can't you *smell* that it's spring in the air, in the earth, in the trees—everywhere?"

I took a sniff, just to humor her.

"I can only smell the spring-cleaning," I said, "and it always upsets me."

I sighed and went on with my thirst.

"Now that spring is upon us once more," she persisted in the voice of one with a mission, "there's something I've been wanting to speak to you about."

She paused. I cast my mind hurriedly back over the interval since last I had seen her. What had I been doing now?

"It's this," she said impressively: "it's quite time you thought seriously of settling down. Everybody says so."

"Don't move. I'm very comfortable, thanks."

"You know very well what I mean. Think how nice it would be," she went on in mellifluous tones, "to have someone always to love and protect, someone to welcome you at night and talk to you when you're lonely."

I thought about it.

"I don't see much in it," I said. "Nothing has been fixed up definitely, I hope—not for a day or two?"

"Don't be so absurd!"

"Upon my word, I don't know," I replied. "Since you all seem to have

made up your minds about it. Produce the bride, then. Where is she? Why keep her skulking in the background? Is *nothing* ready for me?"

Frances gave a mysterious smile which annoyed me.

"Please understand," I pursued, with some heat, "I'm not going to get married for anyone, unless I like. And at present I don't like. . . . Besides, I can't afford it," I added a little too hastily.

"What? With—why you're not in debt again already?"

"Er—technically—you see," I proceeded to explain, "it's the buttons. They keep on coming off. And so—what happens——"

"How much do you owe your tailor this time?" She eyed me severely as she spoke. My mind never works really well when people stare at me, and my memory is not what it was.

"I f-forget for the moment. But I dare say I could find out for you."

"And I suppose there's a lot more besides?"

"Er—now you come to mention it," I began.

"I thought so. Then it's certainly time you had someone to look after you," she announced with decision.

"That's not what you said just now, you know. You promised me that I was going to have the looking after somebody. That's not fair."

"I shall see about it at once."

"Give me till tea-time," I pleaded; "I'm very thirsty."

"Now I know the very girl for you. She's pretty, has a nice disposition, and is easily pleased."

"I ask you for tea," I complained, "and you give me a wife. Why is there all this delay? What are we waiting for? It seems to me this house isn't properly managed."

"You must get to know one another. I think you'd make a very good couple."

"I should only tread on her toes," I urged.

"Well, you shouldn't be so clumsy," she replied.

I sat up suddenly and gave Frances a piece of my mind; and there's more where that came from.

"I'm not clumsy. On the contrary, I'm said to be exceedingly graceful. If the truth were known, I believe you tell them to put their feet under mine on purpose so as to give them a secret hold over me. I'm not clumsy. Clumsy!" and I laughed with a hollow mirth.

"Her name is Gwendolen," said Frances, "Gwendolen Hope. Pretty name!"

"A very nice name," I agreed.

"I'm glad you like it, because——"

"I like it so much," I put in pleasantly, "that it seems a pity to disturb it."

"Because," she continued, rising and ringing for tea, "just now I heard a knock at the door. I have asked her to tea, and I think here she is. Now mind you behave yourself!"

So that was why . . . . I jumped up in alarm, preparing for flight, but it was already too late. The door opened and the bride-elect was shown in. She might easily have been worse; in fact she was really rather pretty. She wore a white serge tailor-made frock, well-shaped shoes, and brown silk stockings, which I like. Yes, she might very well have been worse. But in choosing a wife, especially the first, one has to be careful. And yet, dear friends, so inscrutable are the workings of destiny that, be as careful as you may, things have a way of turning out otherwise, in spite of every precaution. Being an actual eye-witness, I will try to explain to you exactly what happened. What happened was this. You know those cups they have nowadays, those senseless, precarious things with no balance to

speak of? Well, I was handing her her third. I was taking particular pains over it, for I knew that Frances' eye was upon me. Another inch and I was practically there. And just then (to this day I cannot sufficiently account for it) something (I don't know what it was) suddenly gave way (without any warning whatever) in the muscles of my arm. For one awful moment . . . . "I've done it," I whispered, turning bloodlessly to Frances. "Look!" and I pointed to Gwendolen's lap.

If the good creature had only had the presence of mind to sit still! A girl at all handy with her needle could easily have let in a new piece, and nobody would have been the wiser, excepting ourselves. But no. Rising quickly and without thought she spread it. And, whereas a small concentrated pool would have represented all the mischief done, many tributaries of tea flowed down to the floor in every direction, and the skirt was to all intents spoilt. I did what I could. I gave her my handkerchief and a spoon, and knelt down to point out the worst places. But unless she is not very particular, which I doubt, she will never want to wear it again. It is such a mistake, I do think, for mothers to allow young and inexperienced girls to wear white, especially white serge. Frances was obliged to lend her a cloak to go home in.

And now the question remains, what is the correct thing to do? According to Frances, having gone thus far and compromised myself, I must go further. The dictates of honor, she says, compel me to offer to buy the young person a new frock, and this would be to take an intolerable liberty unless I first asked her hand in marriage. And I am bound to admit there is something in what she says.

*Punch.*

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## THE MEXICAN CRISIS.

It is difficult for an outside observer to understand why President Wilson has so obstinately refused to recognize President Huerta. Most other Powers, including England, have done so, for the simple reason that President Huerta's is the *de facto* Government and that non-recognition means the continuance of anarchy and conflict. To expect that the Mexican President should assent to the terms imposed upon him by the American Government is really to ask too much of poor human nature. The irreducible demands are for an early election and for an undertaking by the President not to offer himself as a candidate. The Mexican people are to decide who shall govern them, but only on the condition that Huerta is placed hors de concurrence. Why, this dead set against the provisional President? Are the commercial and financial interests against him? Is it desired to obtain a head of the Government who shall be more conspicuously pro-Yankee? President Wilson fulsomely disowns any intention to intervene in Mexican affairs; but surely this is intervention of the most drastic kind. Dr. Wilson's message to Congress declares "unalterable opposition to any Mexican Government irregularly set up by ambitious individuals." This is a declaration against the conditions which prevail, or may any day prevail, in any one of the twenty Latin-American republics.

It may well be questioned whether any permanent adjustment of the relations between the United States and an independent Mexico is possible.

The big Republic is probably fighting against a law of Nature. This law has been clearly stated by Mr. Bryce, our late Ambassador in Washington, and more recently by a distinguished Harvard professor, Mr. Archibald Coolidge. "When two contiguous States," he writes, "are separated by a long line of frontiers, and one of the two rapidly increases, full of youth and vigor, while the other possesses, together with a small population, rich and desirable territories, and is troubled by continual revolutions, which exhaust and weaken it, the first will inevitably encroach upon the second, just as water will always seek to regain its own level." This principle, in various modifications, has been one of the main agents in extending the frontiers of the British Empire, often against the will of the Imperial people. And with regard to the United States and Mexico we have to remember the "peaceful penetration" of the latter country by American capital which has been going on for many years. And another consideration of great moment is coming into play. The United States has sunk a hundred millions sterling in the narrow lands of Panama. The new waterway has been truly described as an extension of the coast-line of the United States. It is primarily a strategic enterprise, and the makers of it are preparing to fortify it against all hostile menace. It cannot fail to have a great influence on the policy of the great Republic in Central America. The owners of the Canal will have to watch very narrowly any source of possible danger to the isthmian waterway. Anarchic conditions in Central America will have in future a very different significance. An army or disorderly rabble marching southwards upon the Canal might very quickly inflict irreparable damage on this sensitive link between the western and eastern seaboard of the United States. The people of that country may well think that on the whole it is desirable that the Canal should be comfortably tucked in within their own land frontiers.

Already the United States are reducing the smaller Central American republics to a state of financial tutelage which amounts to a practical protectorate. We remember well enough how Secretary Root spoke at the Pan-American Conference at Rio in 1906. "We do not wish to win victories," he said, "we desire no territory but our own, not a sovereignty more extensive than that which we desire to retain over ourselves. We consider that the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest members of the family of nations deserve as much respect as those of the great empires." We have no doubt these words were sincere. The British people have more than once similarly protested on the eve of immense acquisitions of new territory. The Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico, are evidences how impossible it is sometimes for a nation to resist external forces and influences which are stronger than its own conscious will and purpose. From the moment the United States succeeded to the work of the French engineers at Panama, it was inevitable that the frontier of the Anglo-Saxon Republic would advance down the narrowing isthmus until it embraced the Canal zone and the farthest limit of the little Republic of Panama. Temporary settlements may be effected with the Mexican neighbor, but the anarchy which is endemic in all these Ibero-American States is sure to recur until the long-delayed inevitable at length takes place. No wonder the present trouble in Mexico should have considerably worried the American Government—that Mr. Bryan, as we read, should have been

so absorbed by the crisis that he stayed up all night awaiting messages from Mr. Lind, "only snatching a few minutes' sleep on a couch until breakfast-time." It needs little imagination to understand that the quarrel is big with destiny not only for Mexico and the five little republics farther south, but for the whole future relationship between Anglo-Saxon and Latin America. No one can fail to notice that the main scene of political world-interest is shifting westward to the American continent and the Pacific Ocean.

The Outlook.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Imagination, and delicacy, and sweetness and an unusual command of metrical expression combine to make "A Walled Garden and other Poems" by Margaret Root Garvin (The Mosher Press) more than ordinarily noteworthy. Witness this on "Memorial Day":

"On their swords the red rust,
On their graves the red roses:
Like old Hate, turned to dust,
On their swords the red rust,
While Life blooms, as it must;
So this day-dawn discloses
On their swords, the red rust,
On their graves, the red roses."

And this, "Its Weight in Joy":

"Of old, whene'er a Prince was born,
And all the Nation's joy was loud,
They took his weight in gold, and threw
The lordly largess 'mid the crowd:
Could I have coined this day's delight,
To cast world-wide, it should suffice
To give each soul its dream come true,
Give every heart Joy's purchase price."

An author who has stamped a strong personality upon half a dozen or more successful novels, cannot please his public better than by writing a book which reveals himself. This Jack London has done in a narrative which tells of his experiences with alcohol from childhood to the present day, entitled, "John Barleycorn." The story is supposed to be strictly autobiographical and to exist not to entertain other alcoholics but to inform growing boys and warn them what to avoid. Jack London confesses the power which alcohol has over him and he shows how this was brought on, not by a chemical craving of his system, (for it came in spite of intense loathing,) but by the desire to meet other men on the equal footing of convivial intercourse. The book, of course, gives an outline of London's life, his various occupations and his adventures on land and sea. He is revealed as more interesting than any of his heroes, but much their counterpart in both failings and virtues. His admirers will be thoroughly interested in this unusual chronicle. The Century Company.

A question of grave and growing importance is thoughtfully discussed and presented from all points of view in Mr. Frederick N. Judson's "The Judiciary and the People" which is published by the Yale University Press. The substance of the volume was delivered as a course of lectures on the Storrs Foundation at New Haven before the Law School of Yale during the present year. The author considers the reasons for the growing distrust of the judiciary, which finds extreme expression in the agitation for the recall of judges and of decisions, and discusses the various remedies suggested. It is interesting to note that he finds one cause of the existing

conditions in the tendency in some of the states which are most given to experiments to embody what is practically detailed legislation in the constitutions, thereby making them unduly unwieldy and restrictive. Mr. Judson's book, which is of modest size, deserves a wide and thoughtful reading.

It is a rare person that does not sometimes indulge in the pastime left over from childhood, that of imagining how one would play the "fairy godmother" if circumstances should ever make it possible. For that reason a well written story of the "fairy godmother" type is always read with pleasure even if the theme has been used a thousand times before. "Aunt Olive in Bohemia" by Leslie Moore is such a book. Aunt Olive was an English maiden lady who, until the age of sixty, conformed all her natural tastes to the standard of a spinster relative who had cared for her from childhood. At the age of about sixty Aunt Olive suddenly found herself alone, with plenty of money and the inclination to indulge the dreams of a lifetime. She went to London, hired a studio in the artist quarter, furnished it with exquisite taste and from that moment worked a series of delightful surprises in the lives of the artists who became acquainted with her. This is one of the happiest, pleasantest books of the year. George H. Doran Company.

The followers of Marx and those calling themselves Socialists are those who will be least gratified by reading Professor Vladimir Simkhovitch's "Marxism versus Socialism." The conservative will chuckle over almost every page of it, and especially over the final assertion of socialist inconsistency in theory and practice, and the amiable commendation of Socialists, who, having become innocuous social reformers, continue to intone their old imprecatory psalms. The cherished socialist proclamation that the poor become poorer as the rich become richer is exposed as fallacious, by citing the very figures used to advocate it, and as the author never loses his temper, this will be found unendurable by those exhibited as mistaken. It must not be supposed that Professor Simkhovitch underrates the significance of Socialism, Marxian or not, or the necessity of trying to understand it, and he might have said that the inquirer can find no better guide than his book with its wealth of quotation and its excellent grouping of historical illustrations. No wage earner and no capitalist should neglect to read it. Henry Holt & Co.

Dr. I. H. Hirschfield's "The Heart and Blood-Vessels" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is intended primarily for lay readers, though it will appeal also to physicians. The book is of a broader scope than this title would indicate. As he explains in his opening chapter, the author takes the heart and blood vessels as his special subject, because these are the organs which now-a-days most frequently wear out first and cause death and invalidity of many of the best men of the community at an age when they should be enjoying the fruits of their life work. He cites statistics which show that ten times more people die to-day from diseases of the heart and blood vessels than in 1871. But this subject leads up, in this highly useful and suggestive book, to a comprehensive treatise upon the general care of the body, with special attention to food, exercise, nervousness, climate, sleep, and the prevention and treatment of disease. To people who are ill, or who fancy themselves ill, or who suffer from the strain of modern life, the book can hardly fail to bring help and encouragement, if it does not actually show them the way out.